

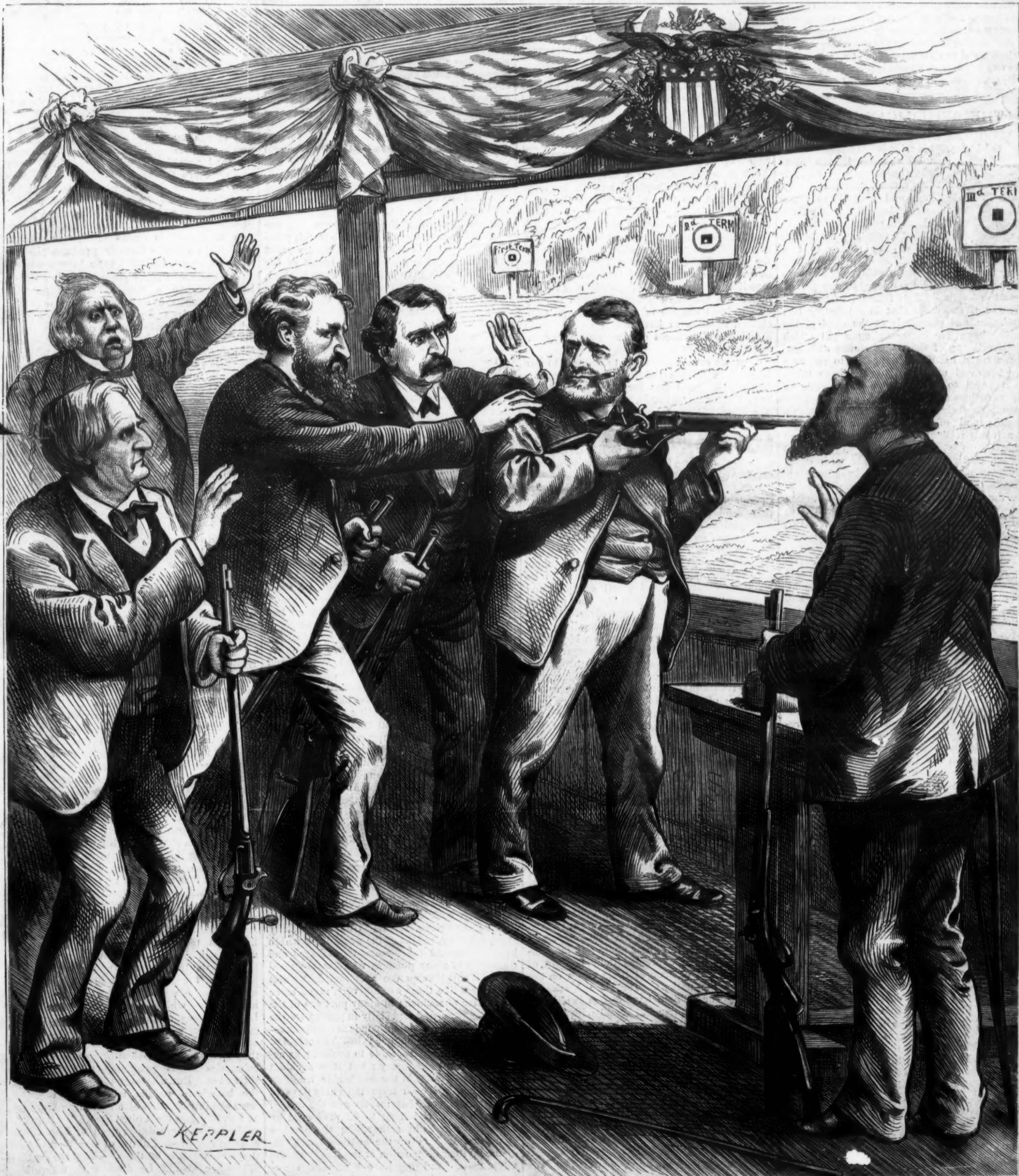
FRANK LESLIE'S
LESLIE'S WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER

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THE GREAT AMERICAN RIFLE MATCH.

GRANT—"I hit the first target, easy. I managed to get in on the second. Now, gentlemen, shall I try for the third, or be satisfied with two out of three?"
HARTRANFT (speaking for the Lancaster Convention)—"The unwritten law of the Republic wisely, and under the sanction of the most venerable examples, limits the Presidential service of any citizen to two terms. We are unalterably opposed to a third term."
MORTON, CAMERON, CONKLING, WILSON (in chorus)—"Don't try again! Even if you hit you'll miss, and the shot would be fatal."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1875.

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OUR NEW STORY.

We begin to-day the publication of "REDEEMED BY LOVE," by the author of "Dora Thorne," "The Mystery of the Holly Tree," "The Shadow of a Sin," etc. In this thrilling story a new shaft is sunk into the well-worked but inexhaustible mine of English social life. A wealth of interest is brought to light by a variety of incidents and dramatic situations, by marked individuality of characters, by subtle analysis of motives, by sprightly dialogues, and by vivid description of natural scenery. The very title suggests a lesson applicable to society in every other country as well as in England.

THE REPUBLICAN JONAH.

PRESIDENT GRANT has been wounded in the house of his friends. The Republicans of Pennsylvania, assembled in a State Convention of their representatives at Lancaster on the 26th ultimo, have solemnly declared their "firm and unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the Republic, which wisely, and under the sanction of the most venerable of examples, limits the Presidential service of any citizen to two terms," and, in recognition of this law, they now themselves "unalterably opposed to the election to the Presidency of any person for a third term." The framers of the platform, as if conscious that in concocting this resolution, and placing it at the head of the series, they were compounding a pill which His Excellency of the White House at Washington could hardly be expected to roll as a sweet morsel under his tongue, have taken great pains to give the thickest possible of sugar-coatings to their purgative bolus. They accompany their pennyweight of aloes with a whole pound of perfumery, in the shape of a highly-scented resolution, "pointing with pride" to the administration of President Ulysses S. Grant, and "pointing with confidence to its general policy and beneficent results." On the whole, they seem to think that the events to which they "point" in the career of President Grant are sufficient to dignify and adorn the present administration as "among the most brilliant in achievement in our annals."

Yet we are told that the resolution declaring against a third term "was received with overwhelming applause." The rest of the platform was regarded as "more leather and prunella." The only thing that excites the enthusiasm of the Keystone Republicans is the discovery that they have actually screwed up their courage to a sticking-point where they dare to make a stand against the arrogant claim preferred by the friends of their military Caesar. The fact that such a declaration should be found necessary in this year of grace, coupled with the fact that the declaration is received with undissembled shouts of rejoicing by a Republican convention, deserves to be signalized as one of those epoch-making events to which the Republican Party, in the freest possible use of its favorite gesture, cannot "point with pride." The party organs inform us that General Hartranft, with the instinct of a shrewd politician, obstinately refused to enter the gubernatorial race "with the third-term millstone hanged about his neck." Now that the "millstone" has been cut away, so far as the Republicans of Pennsylvania can deal a blow at this stone of stumbling and rock of offense, they are as much delighted by their good riddance of bad rubbish as if some brilliant stroke of positive statesmanship had come to retrieve the waning fortunes of their party. If anything were needed to show that the present activity of the Republican Party revolves in a sphere of negations, it is furnished ready to our hand by the rapture with which this purely negative declaration was received by the Pennsylvania Convention. Its members confess a sense of relief at finding that their party managers have been compelled at last to respect the unwritten law of the Republic in regard to the Presidential line, and that this law, sanctioned by the most venerable of examples, is not to be trampled under foot with their concurrence to please the ambition of "the great silent man" who has thus far allowed his friends and his enemies to see in him an aspirant of more than Cæsarean immorality in the grasp of his ambition, for the Roman Caesar at least made a show of refusing the crown, while our Republican Caesar has "neither peeped nor muttered nor moved the wing" by way even of feigned dissuasion from the sordid plottings of placemen and flatterers.

PROPOSED MEETING OF THE THREE EMPERORS AT EMS.

IT would appear from a recent cable announcement that the Royal and Imperial minds of Europe have not yet sufficiently explained themselves to each other, and that some further interchange of thought is necessary before a satisfactory understanding can be mutually arrived at.

Francis Joseph and Victor Emmanuel have had a meeting at Venice, and amid scenes of unusual brilliancy, and with surroundings of great pomp and magnificence, they have expressed their feelings of friendship, and exchanged their views on the affairs of the nations. The Czar Alexander and Emperor William have met in Berlin, apparently with similar intent and with like results. Now it is announced that the three Emperors—the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and Emperor William of Germany—are all, on an early day, to meet at Ems, a favorite watering-place of the German Emperor, and of late years prominently associated with political events.

This proposed meeting of the Emperors is already the subject of much comment, and speculation is busy with its intent and possible results. Why should it be so? The lives of Emperors are surely quite as valuable as the lives of other people. It is their duty, as it is the duty of other people, to use every legitimate means to promote health on the one hand and to prolong life on the other. The

It would now cap the very climax of its political ineptitude if, on the strength of this negative and barren declamation the Republican Party of Pennsylvania and elsewhere should claim the gratitude and admiration of the loyal people of the United States, and "point with pride" to the wonderful self-abnegation which it has imposed on itself in refusing to invest General Grant with the imperial purple, or even to set him above George Washington! Such a claim would, indeed, be only in perfect keeping with the pretension that the party deserves credit for "ferreting out and bringing to punishment" its own appointees who have been recently defrauding the Government of its lawful revenues. And yet the Republicans of Pennsylvania, because unused to such a measure of political virtue as that recently exhibited by Mr. Secretary Bristow in his famous coup against "the Whisky Ring," are bold to "point with pride" to it as deserving to enlist the sympathy and hearty support of honest men of all parties." At the same time, as if constrained to confess to the rarity of this virtue, and perhaps with a sinister eye directed to Mr. Secretary Delano and "the Indian Ring," they announce in the ultimate plank of their "platform of principles" that they favor "honest men in office—men with brains enough to know dishonesty when they see it, and courage enough to fight it wherever they find it."

We fear that general Grant will see in this declaration "the most unkindest cut of all." It has long been the lament of his political friends that he is strangely apathetic to changes affecting the personal honor and public integrity of those to whom he gives his favor and countenance. He stood by Leet and Stocking in their exactions upon the New York merchants despite a thousand protests. He stood by Boss Shepherd and the Washington Ring in the face of exposures the most overwhelming. He believed in the innocence of Harrington, a tool of the Ring, though Harrington could not prove his innocence to even a Washington jury when put on trial for the most flagitious of conspiracies. He believes in the accuracy of General Babcock's tape-line measurement of public work done under the Shepherd dynasty, though nobody else, at least, outside of the contractors' association, appears to have much confidence in the liberal allowances of the easy-going commissioner.

Now we are quite willing to concede to our Republican friends the honor of having recently discovered that for many years they have had on their hands, without discovering it, a Whisky Ring of most unexampled proportions. We only ask that they shall not make a merit of the depredations they can no longer hide. In like manner we are willing to concede to the Pennsylvania Republicans all the credit that may be due for reaffirming the precedents of nearly a century in regard to the Presidential succession. We only ask that they shall not affront "decent respect for the opinions of mankind" by assuming to be paragons of public virtue because they cannot stand a third-term of President Grant. When the sea wrought and was very tempestuous around the ship which carried Jonah in its hold, his comrades had small scruple, and claimed no merit, in throwing the prophet overboard to save their own lives. We do not read that they passed any complimentary resolutions on the heroism with which they consigned their troublesome passenger to the tender mercies of the deep, and in throwing a "tub to the whale" the Republicans of Pennsylvania have but emulated the selfish prudence of the old biblical navigators from Joppa to Tarshish. It remains to be seen whether the Republican Jonah, like his Hebrew prototype, will, after all, come to the haven where he would be in spite of perils by land, perils by sea and perils by false brethren.

waters of Ems are famous for their healing properties, just as are the waters of Saratoga or Gettysburg, or Sharon or Sulphur Springs. American citizens, Summer after Summer, seek out these favorite watering-places. Why should not European Emperors, if they feel so disposed, visit Wiesbaden or Selters or Ems? At the same time it is not to be denied that importance is, with good reason, attached to the Imperial reunion. Since the days of the First Napoleon, and particularly since his meeting with the Emperor of Russia on the *Raft of Tilsit*—a raft "which," says the historian of Europe, "will be as memorable as the cage of Bajazet or the conquests of Alexander"—these Imperial meetings have always been regarded as of serious import, and portentous of coming change, if not of coming trouble. It is far from unreasonable to conclude that this proposed meeting is the natural sequel to the meetings which have previously been held at Venice and Berlin. The secrets of these conferences have never been fully disclosed. It is known, however, that the meeting at Venice created uneasiness at Berlin. It was said to be the work of France. Its object, we were told, was to get up an anti-German coalition. Although it was admitted at Berlin that the conference of the Emperor and the King had proved a failure so far as its main object was concerned, the feeling of uneasiness was not allayed until the Emperor Alexander made his appearance in the German capital. It was only when the Czar left Berlin that the public were made aware that Europe had narrowly escaped another and broadly devastating war. The situation was really serious, and we are permitted to believe that the voice of England was added to the powerful voice of Russia before the war difficulty was got over, and peace secured. Taking these things into consideration, looking at the present unsettled and excitable condition of Europe, and bearing in mind how widespread and ruinous war would prove if the match were only applied, it is not unnatural to attach to this prospective meeting of the Imperial rulers great importance, and to regard it as a result of the meetings which have previously been held.

What it is intended to do, we do not profess to know. It is quite probable that, as yet, there is no distinct and well-defined programme. It is fair, however, to say, in view of what has so recently been done, that the main object of the meeting is the preservation of the peace. On this point we think they will all be found to agree. How to preserve the peace constitutes the real difficulty in the case. Germany is displeased with France because of the attention and care which she is bestowing upon her army. Germany is displeased with Italy because of the unrestrained action of the Holy Father, for which she holds the Italian Government responsible. Germany is displeased with Belgium because of the free indulgence which she grants to Catholic processions, and because of the shelter she gives to cutthroats and assassins. These are but a few of the difficulties which lie in the way of peace. How are they to be removed? We see not how they can be put out of the way by any action of the three monarchs. France will not be dictated to in regard to her army. Italy cannot be approached by them in regard to the Pope. Belgium may do much for peace with her powerful neighbor; but any suggestion coming to the little kingdom from the three Emperors would be offensive as well as ungracious. As there are other matters which affect Russia and Austria, and as England necessarily has to be considered in all that radically affects the different States of Europe, the presumption is that one of the fruits of the proposed meeting at Ems will be an attempt to bring about another Congress of all the Powers. A European Congress having for its object the rearrangement of territory and the rectification of frontiers would be the greatest sensation in these modern times. It is because we know that such a Congress is, in certain high places, contemplated and deemed desirable, that we attach great importance to this forthcoming Imperial meeting at Ems. For the present we see nothing in it menacing to the peace of Europe.

PRESERVATION OF FORESTS.

THE holy horror with which most Europeans contemplate the reckless destruction of American forests would be sadly aggravated by a sight of the great fires which have devastated the forests, the villages and the farms of many portions of New York and Pennsylvania during the past fortnight. But forest-fires like these are not very much more unfamiliar phenomena in many portions of the United States—and especially in portions of the Northwest, where violent winds are frequent—than are ordinary Summer rains. The origin of them is generally traceable to accident, as accidents go in this country; but it is accident which has its roots in the deplorable tradition mutely handed down from the early days of American history that forests are the foes of civilization, not requiring to be preserved or rationally used, but rather, like those other aboriginal tenants of the continent, the Indians, inviting destruction at the hands of the white man. And they have been most vigorously and wantonly destroyed by the white man. Fires carelessly or willfully kindled in the woods have from time to time swept down whole forests of timber whose present or prospective market value for the uses of the

carpenter and the ship-builder was great, whose value as moderator of climate and as aids to agriculture was almost incalculable. Other forests equally worthy of preservation have, with almost equal wantonness, been cut down to rot upon the ground, or to be sent through the sawmills by people whose only interest in forests and forestry has been to make the largest possible profit by converting a tract of growing timber into marketable sawed-lumber.

The idea that a growing forest possesses any value under the heavens is only recently finding its way into the American mind. Where trees have been cut down for lumber, no thought has generally been taken either to replant young trees or to spare the young trees already growing. Wherever forests have encountered the strides of our hurrying material progress they have been destroyed with a wastefulness and animosity apparently begotten of the same needs and the same spirit which caused our early settlers to esteem the art of cutting down a tree to be among the most useful accomplishments, and which still suggests the typifying of early American progress by the picture of a woodman felling timber. To be sure, it was simply inevitable that in settling and bringing under the domain of civilization a continent of virgin forests far more of valuable timber should have been destroyed than could be utilized. But young as the country is, many sections of it are already old enough to have learned the costly folly of indiscriminately destroying forests without taking a care or doing an act for their restoration. The most obvious of the evil effects springing from this course is, that much good farm-land in all parts of the country, and notably in New England, has been rendered practically incapable of cultivation simply because there is no timber easily accessible to supply the needs of the farmer for fuel, fencing and other purposes. A more disastrous effect of the ill-regulated destruction of forests is found in the deplorable change in climate thereby produced in the region whose woodlands have been denuded.

The climate of many portions of the country has undergone a decided change for the worse since the clearing of lands in the West has given an unimpeded sweep to whatever cold wind may chance to blow across the continent. It is also well ascertained that the denudation of forest lands converts what was formerly an equable supply of moisture into a disastrous series of droughts and freshets. The woods with their roots and undergrowth retain the rain-water and moisture, allowing it to trickle away gradually. They also protect the moisture of the ground and the water of small streams from too rapid evaporation by the direct rays of the sun, and by the free contact of winds which are often more powerful evaporating agents even than is the sun. When the woodlands are denuded of their trees, the whole rainfall, having nothing to impede it, rushes off in torrents, inundating the lowlands, leaving the uplands with but little moisture, which is soon evaporated, and the streams without a sufficient supply of water to keep their bottoms well covered during a moderately long rainless season. All these evils are well exemplified in the experience of portions of New England, where the mountain-slopes and woodlands have been stripped of trees, where much good farming land has necessarily been turned into meadow, and where vexatious droughts and freshets are frequent. The drought of last Fall and Winter, when many New England farmers were sorely troubled to find water for their stock, and many New England mills were reduced to half-time or compelled to stop running by reason of insufficient water in the streams to move their machinery, has at least had the good effect of turning the attention of newspapers and public men in that section to the importance of restoring the forests which have been so unwisely destroyed.

In several of the far Western States, where forest fires and the ax of the lumberman and of the railroad-builder have made visible intrusions upon the forests, a regular system of tree-planting has been instituted, which promises not only to restore destroyed forests wherever it is necessary to restore them, but in time possibly to rear forests on the treeless plains which can be reclaimed to the uses of man in no other way. It has been hinted and not without reason, as is shown by the floods in treeless portions of New England above alluded to, that plantations of trees made in the treeless country about the headwaters of the Red, Arkansas, Plate and Missouri Rivers would prevent the disastrous inundations which are frequent along the Lower Valley of the Mississippi. The suggestion is one which Government engineers and other persons who from time to time apply themselves to the problem of preventing these calamities might profitably take into consideration. But whatever may or may not be the beneficial results which would spring from the introduction of an intelligent system of forestry into the United States, it is already evident that three things need to be done to convert the present abuse of our forests into the rational use of them. First, the cutting of timber should be done with discretion, leaving a due proportion of timber to farm lands distributed throughout the agricultural districts, and in cutting trees for lumber only well-grown trees should be selected, leaving the young trees to grow, and thus getting a

good yield from the forest without destroying it; second, wherever there is already a sufficiency of cleared land a tree should be planted for every tree that is cut down; and third, to prevent not only the usual denudation of forest lands but also such wholesale destruction of other property as recently occurred in Pennsylvania, there is an eminent need of statutory or proprietary regulations forbidding the building of fires in dry forests and requiring the woods to be kept well cleaned of brush, dry leaves, etc., in the vicinity of all houses, mills and roads where fire may be regularly or casually used. A rural population which has ever suffered from a sweeping forest fire ought surely to lend a ready acquiescence and assistance in enforcing such regulations.

THE COAL TRADE.

FOR five or six years the state of affairs in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania has been such as to indicate clearly that something was wrong in the arrangements there. Neither has it required much study to discover what was wrong. There have been, as our readers well know, repeated and protracted strikes of the miners. The miners, we may say, have been educated to look on strikes as among the most valuable of their privileges. A few years ago, when the great corporations were hostile to each other, it was thought an admirable stroke of policy for the northern companies to encourage the striking miners of the southern or Schuylkill region. The strike cut short the supply of coals, and as long as the idle Schuylkill miners stood out the northern companies could afford to pay high wages, and make money by doing so. But when the Schuylkill miners got substantially the wages they had been holding out for and the market became glutted by over-supplies of coal and prices fell below the cost of production, the northern companies attempted a reduction of wages. Then the scene of the strike was shifted, and the Schuylkill miners worked and got all the benefits of it. At the end of four or five years of this kind of management it was found that the miners and the public had reaped most of the advantages, while the operators and corporations who worked the mines had become loaded down with debt. If we judge of the miners' wages by comparing them with those received in other employments and with those paid in other countries, we must call them high. We are here speaking of the miners who worked "by contract," or by the piece, and not of those who received weekly wages.

But the high wages paid the miners were the least of the evils of the situation. The miners' wages represent only about one-tenth part of the cost of a ton of coal as delivered at the door of the consumer here in New York. The great evil of the coal trade down to the beginning of 1873 was that the business of mining was excessively over-done. The large corporations were ambitious to purchase coal mines, and the best way of getting them seemed to be to make them worthless to the private individuals who formerly leased and operated them. This course, whether by accident or design, was the one adopted. Four years ago the shafts sunk, mines opened and breakers erected, were sufficient to supply at least three tons of coal for every two that were needed. Consequently all the mines could not be worked at once without almost immediately over-stocking the market. The result was that many of the individual operators became insolvent and the price of coal lands fell. The corporations, though loaded down with debt, bought up most of the lands, and about three years ago united in a close monopoly, with the object, in the first place, of so regulating the supply of coal as to keep it high enough to pay the expenses of mining and the interest on their enormous share capital and funded debt, and in the second place, of controlling the wages of their miners.

The effect of monopoly prices has been to diminish seriously the consumption of anthracite, many manufacturing establishments having changed their fuel to bituminous. This appears to have alarmed the combination, and at the beginning of this year it was resolved to reduce the miners' wages and lower the prices of coal. The consequence is, the coal miners' strike which has already lasted nearly five months in the Schuylkill, Lehigh, and part of the Wyoming region. It can scarcely be doubted that the miners will soon be compelled to yield, yet they must have inflicted very heavy losses on the Reading Railroad Company, including under that head the subordinate corporation called the Reading "Coal and Iron Company," which is owned by the railroad company and has \$30,000,000 invested in coal lands and mines. But, as it usually happens, the greatest sufferer of all is the public. The public are now taxed about two dollars a ton on every ton they burn, over and above what coal would now be selling for had the monopoly not been formed and the business been left to free competition as it was previously to 1873.

In New York and Philadelphia the rate of interest which can now be realized by capital employed in discounting first-class commercial paper, having four months to run, is four per cent. The managers of the coal-mining railroads, however, insist on fixing the prices of coal so that they can divide ten per cent on their share capital. It is said that experience shows that the average return on capital in-

vested in coal mines has not been over four per cent in Eastern Pennsylvania, but the public will henceforth be required to pay ten per cent, not only on the capital really invested by these corporations, but, in many cases, on the losses which they have incurred in their former combats with each other and with the miners, and which they have made good by stock dividends and additions to their present debts. When we consider of what importance it is to the welfare of business, and especially to the growth of manufactures, to have fuel cheap, we cannot doubt that at least a portion of the present depression is to be ascribed to the high price of coal.

In conclusion, we must add that we well know how idle it is to complain of what we cannot remedy. We do not denounce the directors of the coal corporations. Their conduct is perfectly natural, and almost any business man in their circumstances would do as they have done. It is, however, an unfortunate circumstance that the laws of Pennsylvania did not prevent the business of coal-mining from passing into the hands which already controlled the business of transportation. Again, there is a risk about this combination from which such a monopoly can never be free. No one can tell how long the Ring will hold together. From the nature of the compact there must always be more or less cause for jealousy and suspicion, and sooner or later these feelings will break out in open hostility. Of this we now have an instance in the war between the Baltimore and Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroads, which disrupted the understanding between the trunk-lines, and has already placed the Erie in the hands of a receiver. Fortunately, this country is too big for the comfortable existence of monopolies, and we much question whether the anthracite coal monopoly has more than a brief career before it.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 29, 1875.

Monday.....	116 ¹ / ₂	@ 116 ¹ / ₂	Thursday....	116	@ 116 ¹ / ₂
Tuesday.....	116	@ 116 ¹ / ₂	Friday....	116	@ 116 ¹ / ₂
Wednesday....	115 ¹ / ₂	@ 116 ¹ / ₂	Saturday....	116 ¹ / ₂	@ 116 ¹ / ₂

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT IS A HOPEFUL SIGN, remarks the Toledo *Blade*, to see Presidential aspirants seeking the favor of the people through opposition to corrupt rings. Tilden and Bristow have gained decided advantages in this direction.

THE DEMOCRATS OF IOWA have called a State Convention to meet at Des Moines on June 24th. The call invites "Democrats, Liberals, Anti-monopolists and all others opposed to the Republican Party as at present organized," to send delegates.

A DISMAL PROSPECT is unfolded by the editor of the Mobile *Register*, who thinks that with all the negro and scalawag delegates from the South in his favor, and with a few office-holding delegations from the North, General Grant can be nominated to a third or a tenth term.

THE REPUBLICANS OF WISCONSIN will hold their State Convention at Madison on July 7th. Their newspapers are confident of a party victory next Fall, and base their hopes on the conviction that the Liberal Republican vote will be cast for their candidates. The Democrats claim exactly the opposite of this, and are equally assured of success.

THE CONVENTION OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS at Richmond, Va., aside from its special purposes, has afforded encouraging proof of the "unity of spirit" which really underlies all sectarian and sectional distinctions in this country, and constitutes a true bond of brotherhood between North and South.

THE MISSISSIPPI DEMOCRATS, it is said, are going to introduce a new feature in their State Convention, which they have decided to hold on August 3d. They have invited Senator Thurman of Ohio, Governor Hendricks of Indiana and Congressman B. H. Hills of Georgia to be present and deliver addresses. They hope to awake enthusiasm enough to enable them to carry the State.

MAINE DEMOCRATS are looking about for a candidate for Governor, and are hesitating between Messrs. S. C. Strout, D. R. Hastings, W. P. Haines, James C. Madigan, John C. Talbot, and Charles W. Roberts. Mr. Strout, according to the New York *Tribune*, is said to have the best chance, and he is spoken of as an unexceptionable man in every way. The Convention will be held on June 22d.

THIS RING-SMASHING BUSINESS is popular, according to the *Tribune*. There is not a great deal of Presidential talk just now, but what there is seems to be all about Secretary Bristow and Governor Tilden. The other aspirants should hunt up a good big Ring somewhere, and fracture it with as much noise as possible. They can find one almost anywhere by looking carefully. There is the Indian Ring, for instance. There is latent noise and smell enough in that to be the making of several Presidents.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO INDIA.—It is now no longer doubtful that the Prince of Wales, the heir-apparent to the British throne, is about to make an extended tour through Her Majesty's East Indian Empire. Already extensive preparations have been made for the tour, and the fashionable world, both in India and in England, is excited in view of the event. Suggestions are freely made as to how he should travel, as to what kind of dress he should wear, and as to how he should comport himself generally. Evidently the Prince has no reason to complain of lack of advisers. It is understood that His Royal Highness is to be accompanied by Sir Bartle Frere, the distinguished member of the Indian Council, whom no Englishman of the present

day is better qualified to act the part of counselor and guide. It is rumored that four well-known members of the press will accompany the Prince along his route through the East. Dr. Russell is to represent the *Times*; Mr. Forbes, the *Daily News*; Mr. Bentz, the *Standard*; and Mr. Edwin Arnold, the *Daily Telegraph*. The name of the correspondent of the *New York Herald* has not yet been made public. Thousands here as in England will wish the Prince "bon voyage."

A HARTFORD STUDENT DROWNED.—A sad accident occurred at Hartford on the evening of May 28th. Henry D. Cameron, a member of the Trinity College boat-crew, was one of three who were out in a pair-oared shell, when it was struck by a tug-boat. The three young men were precipitated into the water. Mr. Cameron, who could not swim, went down with the boat, and was drowned. Cameron was about twenty years of age, a promising student of the class of '76, a Brooklynite, and a son of Donald Cameron, shipping merchant, 116 Broad Street, New York. Mr. Cameron, it seems, could not swim. Young men ambitious of aquatic honors should, we think, make it their first business to learn to swim.

DECORATION DAY, although one and the same day has not yet been fixed upon for its celebration as a national holiday, is now almost universally observed throughout the length and breadth of the Union. Perhaps its celebration on different days, but not widely apart from each other, lends a certain cumulative force to the sentiments which it awakens and fosters everywhere, alike in the North and in the South. These sentiments on the part of the North, find the following expression in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*: "The demonstration that the nation can respect the courage of her dead sons, on whichever side they were arrayed, the mutual respect paid to the memory of those who once met in deadly battle, is a hopeful sign that the living may yet bury all their animosities and unite in the heartiest efforts for the weal of their common country." On the part of the South, these same sentiments are thus eloquently expressed by General Forrest, in a note accepting an invitation to participate in the ceremonies at the National Cemetery, on Monday, May 31st: "I appreciate and am in full sympathy with the spirit of manly friendship and reconciliation which has prompted the recent interchange of so many soldierly courtesies among those who, with equal courage met so often as foemen upon the field of battle, and sincerely trust that the time is not far in the future when the soldiers of the late war will cease to remember the angry passions engendered by the bloody struggle. Between those who were true to their colors during the late war there can be no hate or bitterness. Since all have now one flag and one country, there ought to be no estrangement or sectional antagonism."

THE HOLOCAUST AT HOLYOKE.—The accident which happened on Thursday, May 27th, at the above mentioned New England town, and which led to the destruction of so much human life, is one of the most frightful of the kind which has occurred in modern times. It is really lamentable to think that such accidents should be possible in this advanced year of the nineteenth century. Nothing like it has happened since that still more alarming affair in Santiago, Chili, when some two thousand human beings while in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and engaged in the worship of God, were literally roasted alive. It was generally believed that the warning then given would not be readily forgotten, and that, in the future, on great festival occasions, priests would be more careful in the use and distribution of artificial light. Pity it is that such awful events should be associated with the worship of a merciful God. In their excessive love of display, the priests of the Roman Church seem sometimes to lose their wits. At how great a cost were the altar adorments at Holyoke illuminated! We have no desire to blame Father Dufresne; but we do think that his experience on this occasion should be to him, and to the priests generally, a lesson and a warning. In churches built of wood, as so many of our churches are, the strictest care is necessary in using artificial light for purposes of illumination. This Holyoke disaster, like that of Duane Street, in New York city, repeats the old story as to the necessity of ample means of exit from all places of public assembly. It is horrible to think of crowds of human beings packed together and threatened with destruction by fire. It is still more horrible to think of crowds of human beings, in such circumstances, trampling out each other's lives. Churches, like theatres, after this example, should be brought rigidly under State or civic inspection, and care should be taken that no church be allowed to be opened for public worship unless the law's requirements as to means of exit are fully complied with.

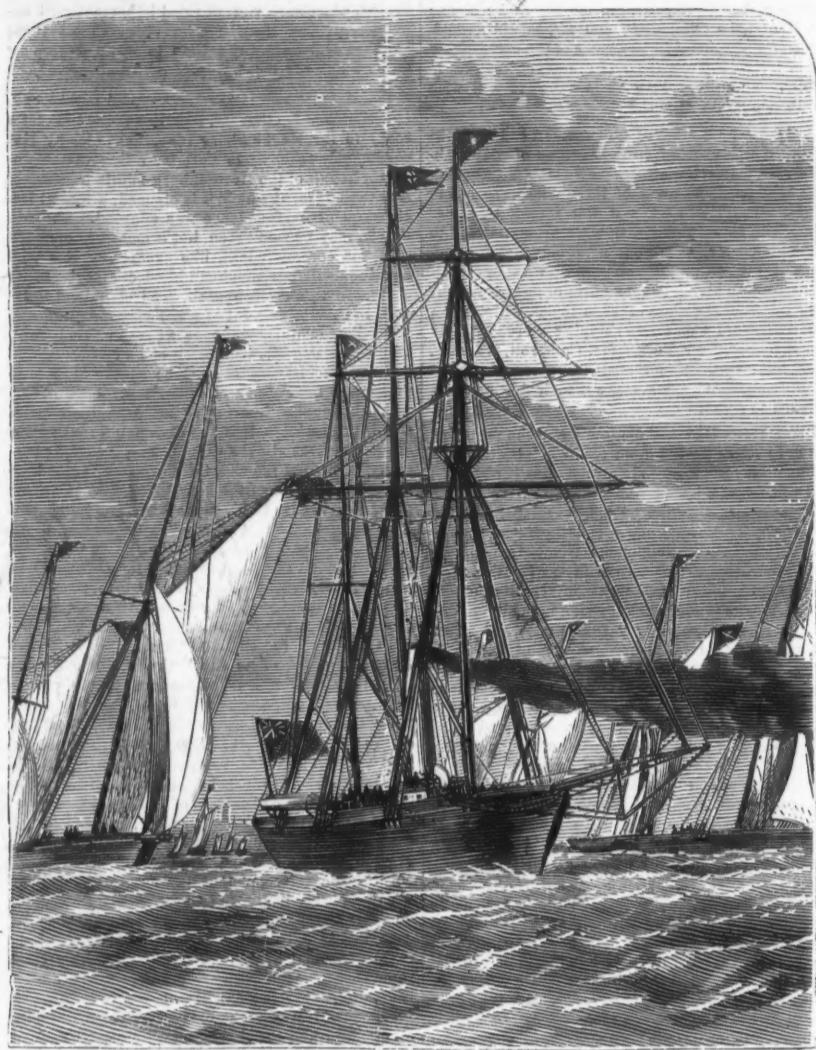
IT IS NOT SURPRISING THAT RUSSIA should desire to curtail the number of holidays, religious and civil, that are now observed, because the total cessation of business throughout the Empire must be a serious drawback to trade. The religion of Russia is based upon the Greek Church, which enforces thirty-six solemn festivals, twelve of which are devoted to homage of the Lord Jesus, and the remaining twenty-four to St. John the Baptist, the Apostles and the Holy Martyrs. They celebrate four fasts, or Lent, the first beginning November 15th; the second is the usual Lent; the third, distinguished by the title of the Fast of the Holy Apostles, begins the week after Whit-Sunday and continues to the festival of SS. Peter and Paul; and the fourth begins on the first of August and lasts fifteen days. To these must be added the commemoration of the martyrdom of St. John, August 28th, which is preceded by a fourteen-days' fast, the annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, March 25th, and a number of other fasts that are sandwiched between the more important ones. Under the discipline of the Russian Greek Church, there is an additional myriad of ceremonies of such importance as to render their observance practically seasons of rest from business. There is the festival of the Benediction of the Waters, celebrated at the begin-

ning of the year on the Neva at St. Petersburg; the fêtes of St. Elias, celebrated about the 1st of August; the fêtes of apples; the feasts at the graves; also, in August, anniversaries of royal births and deaths, of military victories and important civil enactments. The Russian who observes all these holidays will have little time to swap horses or strike a balance-sheet.

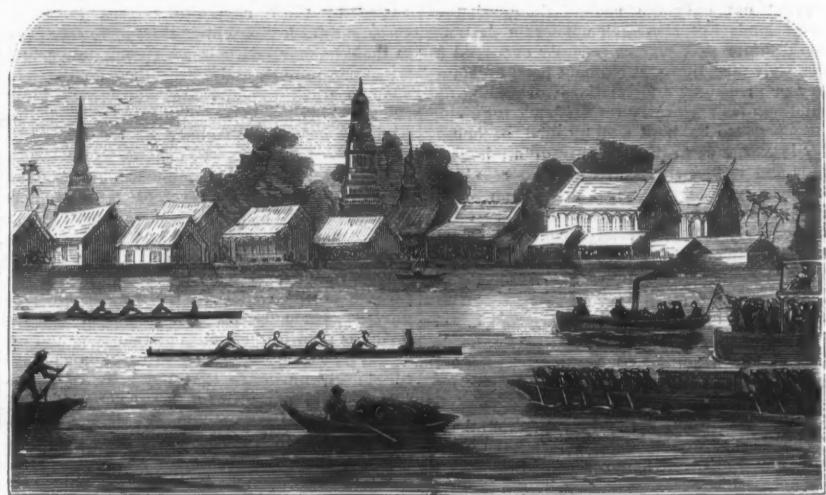
THE MECKLENBURG CONTROVERSY.—A correspondent who declares that Mr. Bancroft pinned his faith solely to the Mecklenburg resolutions of May 31st courteously takes us to task for citing that historian in behalf of the Mecklenburg militia meeting of May 20th, 1775, at which, it is claimed, a formal Declaration of Independence was adopted. The objection may be well taken, but it must be conceded that our correspondent, like everybody else who has touched this much-muddled controversy, including Mr. Bancroft himself, is a trifle mixed in regard to it. Putting out of sight all conflicting and confusing contemporaneous accounts, and carefully examining Mr. Bancroft's history of the Mecklenburg resolutions side by side with the chronicles presented in Force's American Archives, from which he manifestly drew his material, the conclusion is unavoidable that the historian, in his valuable work, gives about as much weight to the testimony in favor of the Charlotte meeting of May 20th as to that in favor of the meeting held at the same place eleven days later, though he blends the two meetings into one. At some time during the month of May, Mr. Bancroft tells us, a meeting of the Mecklenburg militia companies was held at Charlotte, to decide what they should do in view of their oath of allegiance to the British Crown if the colonies should declare themselves independent. Mr. Bancroft goes on to say that "before the month of May had come to an end" the resolutions were signed by the clerk of the committee—a phrase from which it could only be inferred that the writer did not refer to resolutions adopted on the last day of the month, and which may easily account for any unconscious inadvertence which might be committed by a reader in mentally supplying a date stated by other chroniclers of this militia meeting, and seemingly, if not necessarily, implied in the text. The well-authenticated resolutions of May 31st do not amount to a declaration of independence, as our correspondent very correctly observes, which strongly indicates that Mr. Bancroft refers to no other than the resolutions of May 20th when he says, in the concluding sentences of his account: "Thus was Mecklenburg County in North Carolina separated from the British Empire." So much for a rather unprofitable controversy which remains at the last as it was at the first with the partisans of either date and event retaining their partisanship. Possibly the most rational solution yet offered for it is that suggested by the *Herald*, to the effect that these two hostile dates in North Carolina history are really one and the same day, the apparent difference between them being accurately accounted for by the difference between the "old style" and the "new style" of chronology, the latter of which was instituted in the British Empire by Act of Parliament in 1752, and slowly found its way into general use with much attendant confusion of dates. The following is the communication alluded to in the foregoing lines: "It may be that the truth about the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence lies hid at the bottom of a well, but what Mr. Bancroft says about it certainly lies on the surface. Yet in your issue of May 29th, it is said that 'Notwithstanding the doubts which have been cast on the authenticity of the Mecklenburg resolutions purporting to have been adopted at Charlotte, on the 20th of May, 1775, it is doubtless true, as Mr. Bancroft states in his "History of the United States," that on the 19th of May, a convention, composed of two delegates from each militia company in the county, met at Charlotte, and on the following day adopted a series of resolutions, renouncing all allegiance to the British crown.' In so quoting Mr. Bancroft, the writer has most unaccountably transferred what the historian says about the meeting and resolutions of May 31st (which do not declare independence) to the credit of the alleged meeting and resolutions of May 20th. As it is well known that Mr. Bancroft has no faith in the genuineness and authenticity of the pretended declaration of May 20th, it hardly seems just to cite him as an authority in its favor."

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS AT LAST, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME.—As we go to press, President Grant's opinion respecting "the third term" reaches us in the shape of a letter to General Harry White, President of the recent Pennsylvania Republican Convention. The President of the United States has hitherto deemed it "beneath the dignity of the office which he has twice been called upon to fill," to define his position on the third-term question, in response to the clamor of the press, "a portion of it hostile to the Republican party, and particularly so to the Administration." But now he says, "a body of the dignity and party authority of a convention to make nomination for the State officers of the second State of the Union having considered this question, I deem it not improper that I should speak." In the first place, he declares that he never sought the office for a second, nor even for a first, nomination. As for the third term, he does not want it any more than he did the first. He intimates, indeed, that there might be circumstances under which he might accept a nomination, but he thinks it is unlikely that these will arise. Finally, he says, "I am not, nor have I ever been, a candidate for re-nomination." Delphic as some of the utterances of this letter are fitly described by the *Tribune* to be, and even evasive, according to the *Herald*, as others seem, it is probable that it will be regarded as definitely withdrawing the name of General Grant from the list of candidates for the next Presidency.

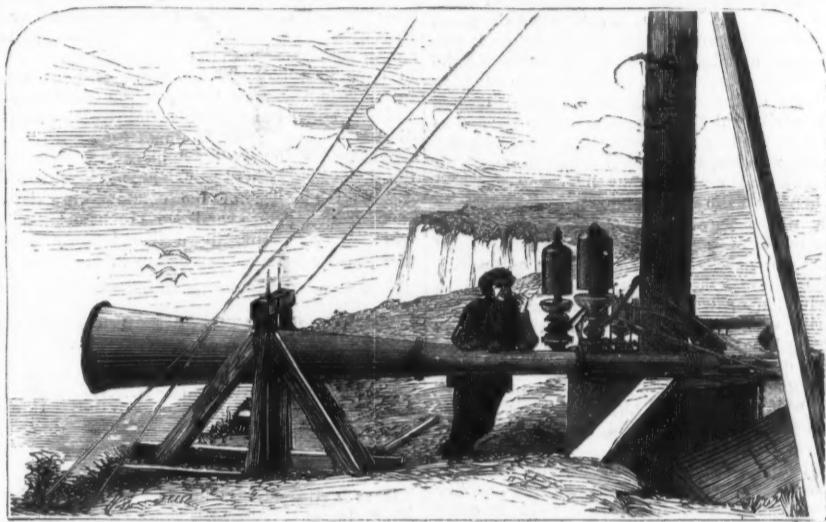
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 219.



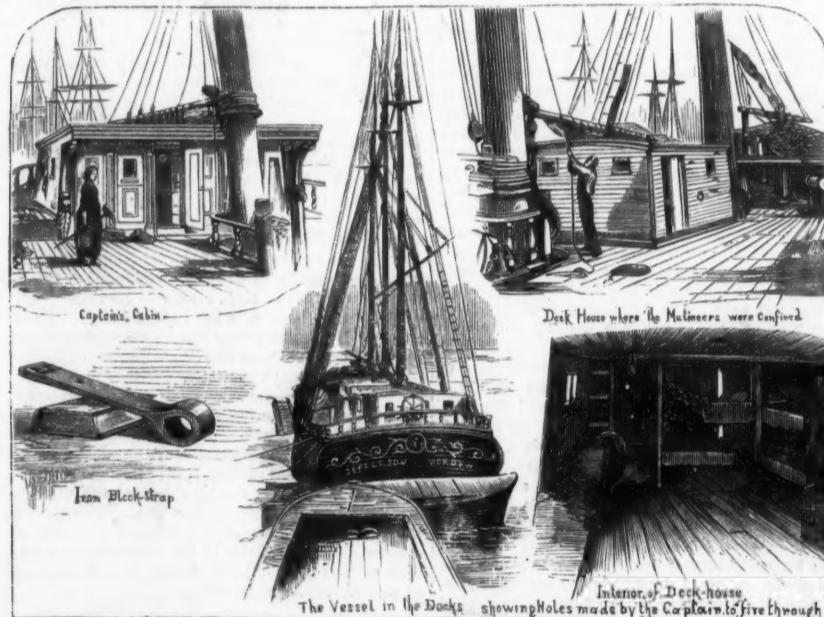
ENGLAND.—THE OPENING CRUISE OF THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.



SIAM.—EUROPEAN BOAT-RACE AT BANGKOK.



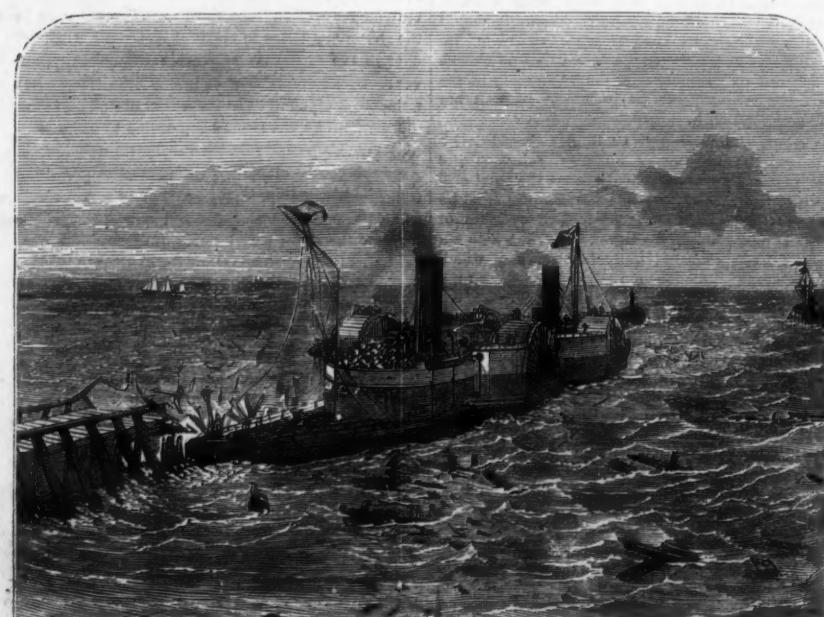
ENGLAND.—SUCCESSFUL TRIAL AT SOUTH FORELAND OF THE SIREN FOG-SIGNAL, A FOG-HORN FOR WARNING VESSELS OFF THE COAST—AN AMERICAN INVENTION.



ON THE HIGH SEAS.—MUTINY ON BOARD THE "JEFFERSON BORDEN."



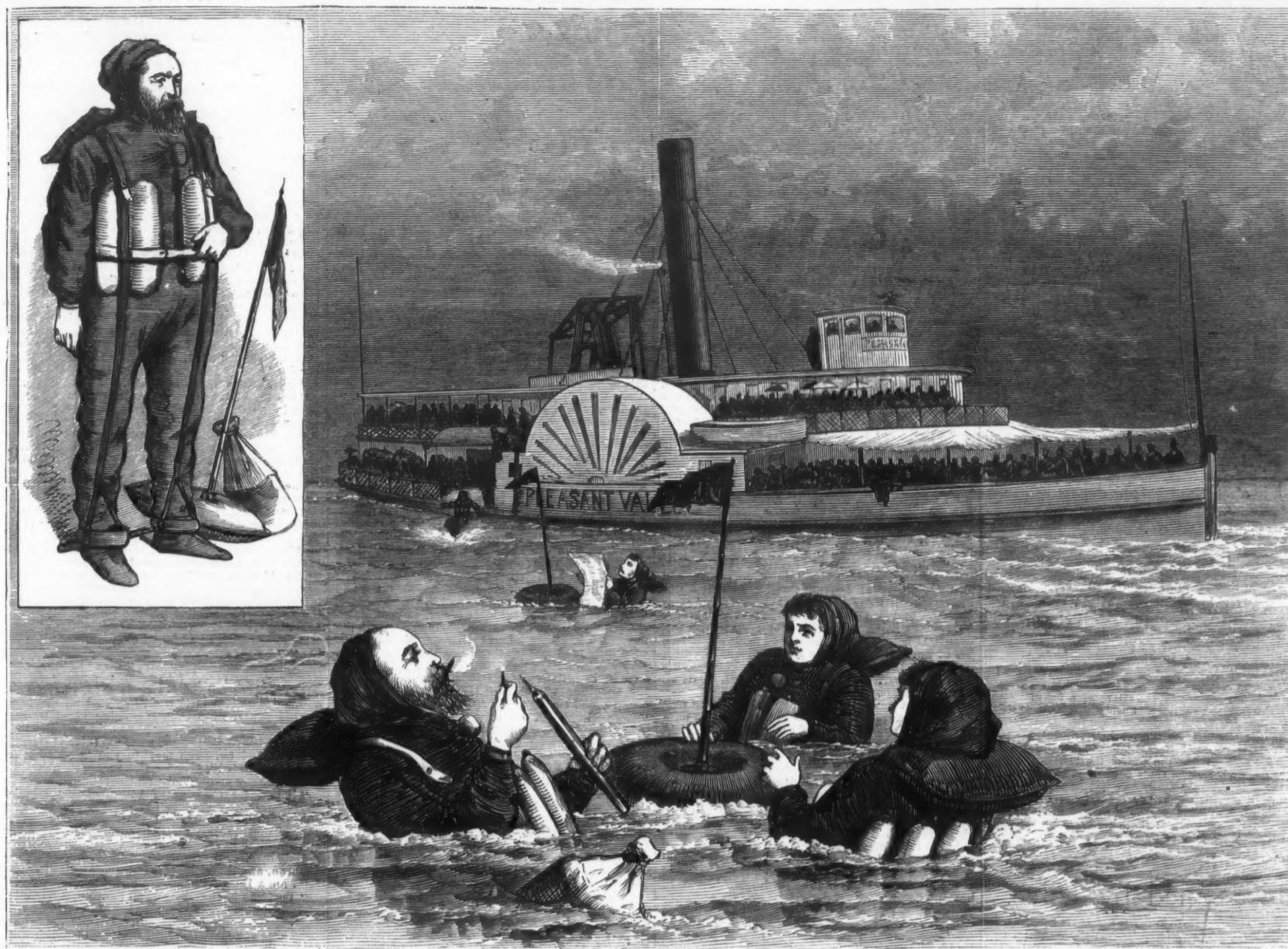
ENGLAND.—ARTIFICIAL PIGEON-SHOOTING ON THE DOWNS AT EPSOM.



FRANCE.—THE BELSEMER SALOON SHIP RUNNING FOUL OF CALAIS PIER.



THE PHILIPPINES.—NEW VOLCANO ON CAMIGUIN ISLAND, NEAR MINDANAO.



NEW YORK HARBOR.—EXHIBITION OF CAPTAIN J. B. STONER'S LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS, MAY 25TH.

A NEW LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS.

THE recent experiment made by our countryman, Paul Boyton, with a life-saving apparatus, in Europe, and the sad experience of the dangers of the sea brought to our notice by the fate of the unfortunate passengers on board the *Schiller*, have caused great interest to be taken in every effort to provide additional safeguards for the lives of "they that go down to the sea in ships."

Captain J. B. Stoner, the inventor of an India-rubber Life-saving Suit, gave an exhibition of its practical working on Tuesday, May 25th. The steamer *Pleasant Valley*, carrying about five hundred persons, including men of sci-

ence, gentlemen connected with our shipping interests, and representatives of the press, made an excursion to the lower bay to witness the trial of Captain Stoner's invention.

The apparatus consists of a complete suit of india-rubber in one piece, fitting tight at the wrists, and having a tight-fitting hood. The suit is put on over ordinary clothing, and is impervious to water and to cold. Over the rubber suit and around the waist is strapped a belt consisting of air-chambers (twelve in number), disconnected, so that in case of one breaking the remainder will support the swimmer. In addition to this outfit, a rubber float is carried (attached to the swimmer by a short cord), upon which a signal-flag can be hoisted (the flagstaff

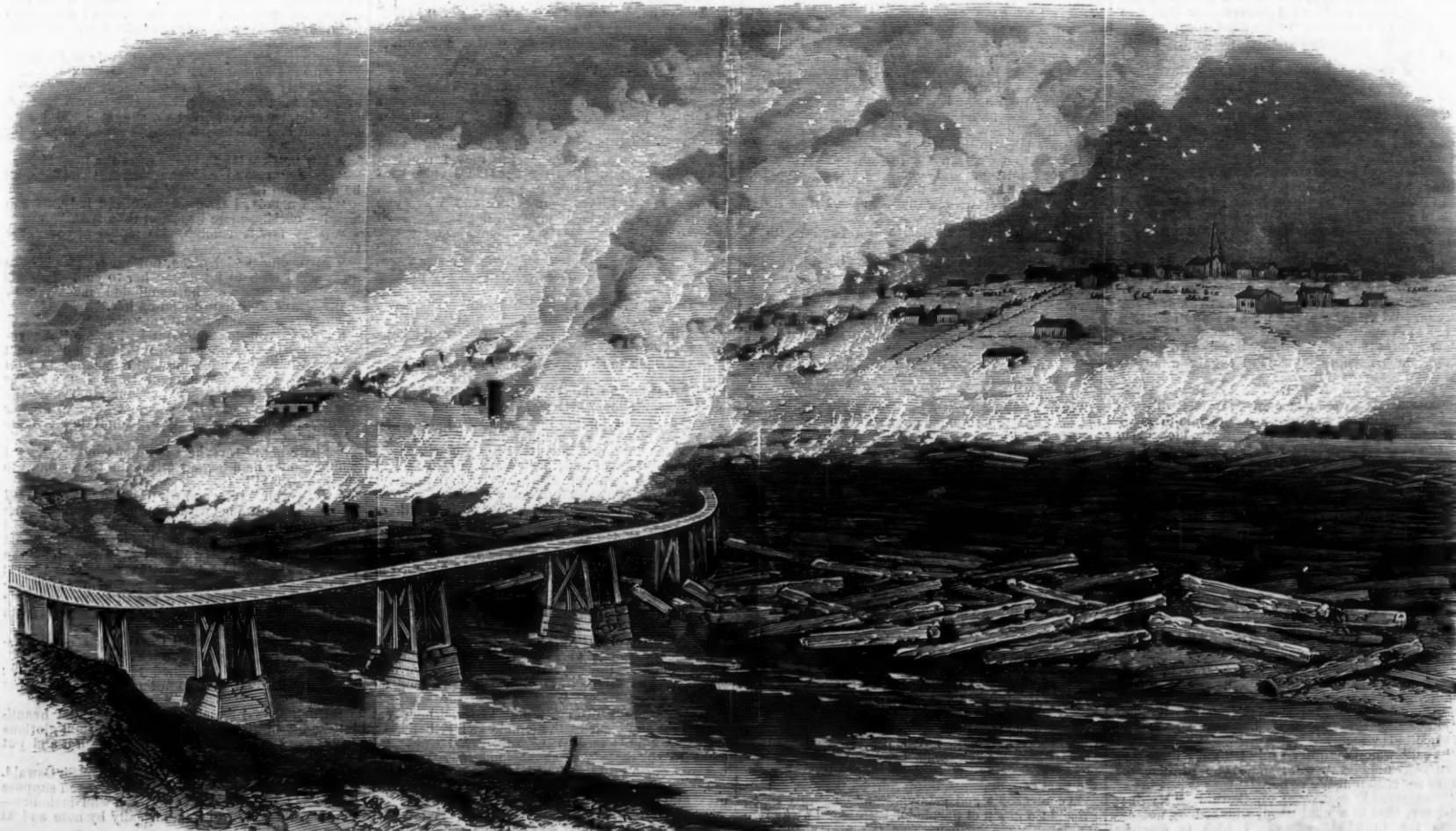
being made in sections that fit into one another), and to which may also be attached rubber bags containing provisions and water. It differs somewhat from the celebrated Boyton suit, which has two inflatable compartments.

When the steamer reached the lower bay, Captain Stoner, Mr. Stratton, Mrs. Moore, Miss Gaynor and Miss Whitney donned life-saving suits, then plunged into the water, and were quickly immersed. They soon came to the surface, however, and floated around for about an hour and a half. When at rest the water did not rise to the armpits of the bathers. Weights are attached to each foot, which serve to keep the head of the wearer of the suit above water. After returning to the steamer, the

suits were removed, and the clothing of the bathers was found to be dry.

THE FIRE AT OSCEOLA, PA.

THE beautiful little town of Osceola, in Centre County, Pa., was almost entirely destroyed by fire on Thursday, May 20th. The flames broke out at Taylor's saw-mill, on Coal Run, two and three quarter miles above Osceola, at about eleven o'clock in the morning; burned the mill, lumber and houses; swept down the run to the Moshannon Creek, taking in its course the saw-mill belonging to T. C. Heines & Co.; thence down the Moshannon



PENNSYLVANIA.—BURNING OF THE TOWN OF OSCEOLA.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.

to the Bilt mill of the Moshannon Land and Lumber Company, three-quarters of a mile above Osceola, burning the structure and about 2,000,000 feet of manufactured lumber, besides a large quantity of logs; thence down both sides of the creek on the east side of the rear of Osceola, taking first that part called Frenchville, sweeping over the centre of the town, destroying the Presbyterian church and the public school, all the best buildings in the place, and all the hotels and stores on the west side of the creek. At the same time the fire was attacking the Philadelphia colliery, owned by the Kittanning Coal Company, burning the chute and all the miners' houses.

The work of destruction was completed in about three hours. Nine-tenths of Osceola was burned, leaving scarcely enough ashes to mark where the houses stood. Over 15,000,000 feet of lumber was consumed. From 1,500 to 2,000 people were rendered homeless by the conflagration, and great desolation now exists among them. The fire broke out so suddenly that the inhabitants had no time for preparation, and they were compelled to fly, leaving all their worldly goods behind them. Had it not been for the forethought of Mr. Daniel Wood of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who rapidly loaded baggage-cars with the frightened citizens and carried them through the blazing woods to a place of safety, a fearful loss of life might have been added to the sad story of the frolic of the Fire-flend.

ONLY A SOLDIER.

BY

LIEUTENANT E. H. KELLOGG.

ONLY a soldier! how little they care for him, Battered and shattered by shot and by shell, Armless his sleeve from the grapeshot that scattered Over the field where his brave comrades fell.

Tottering and trembling, with locks early whitened, Cramped by the chills of malaria's damp, Wore him the streets of a city, Looked on by many as only a tramp.

"Pity me, friend; I am famished and footsore— Work I have none," he pleads in despair; "Only a soldier; he must be a drunkard!" Is often the answer he gets to his prayer.

"What care they now for those who have saved them?" Murmurs the veteran with tears in his eyes. "Bah! Get ye back! I am turning a baby! You and your scoffings I fairly despise.

"Ten years ago when the musketry rattled, Pale waxed your faces, while we, fronting foe, Stood like wall in the van of the battle, Saving your homesteads but ten years ago."

"Only next year comes our country's centennial— How few living now who then struck a blow. Then, when you think of those minute-men's mission, Why forget ours of but ten years ago?"

Redeemed by Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLLY TREE," "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THREE had been some little unpleasantness when Madame Selini's Agency Office was first established in the aristocratic neighborhood of South Audley Street. It was not considered quite the right quarter for it. It was actually next door to the family mansion of the Right Honorable the Countess Dowager of Barewood, who spoke of it with uplifted eyes and upraised hands. Nevertheless, in a short space of time, Madame Selini's office became an established institution, and ceased to cause any comment.

One fine morning in May a carriage stopped before Madame Selini's door, and from it descended a handsome, aristocratic gentleman, evidently of the old school. There was some little commotion in the interior of the building, and then a foot-page appeared, to whom Sir Oswald Darrell—for that was the gentleman's name—gave his card.

"I am here by appointment," he said, "to see Madame Selini."

He was ushered into a handsomely furnished room, where, in a few minutes, he was joined by Madame Selini herself—a quick, bright French woman, whose dark eyes seemed to embrace everything in their comprehensive glance. Sir Oswald bowed with stately courtesy and quaint, old-fashioned grace.

"Have you been so fortunate, madame, as to find that which I am in search of?" he inquired.

"I think you will be pleased, Sir Oswald—may, I am sure you will," answered the lady. "I have a lady waiting to see you now who will prove, I should say, a treasure."

Sir Oswald bowed, and madame continued:

"Miss Hastings—Miss Agnes Hastings—has been for the last six years finishing governess at Lady Castledine's, and her two pupils make their *début* this year; so that there is no longer any occasion for her services."

"And you think she would be fitted, madame, to occupy the position for which I require a lady of talent and refinement?"

"I am quite sure of it," replied madame. "Miss Hastings is thirty years of age. She is highly accomplished, and her manners are exceedingly lady-like. She is a person of great refinement; moreover, she has great experience with young girls. I do not think, Sir Oswald, that you could do better."

"Is the lady here? Can I see her?"

Madame Selini rang, and desired the little page to ask Miss Hastings to come to her. In a few minutes an elegant, well-dressed lady entered the room. She advanced with quiet grace and dignity that seemed natural to her; there was not the slightest trace of awkwardness or *mauvaise honte* in her manner. Madame Selini introduced her to Sir Oswald Darrell.

"I will leave you," she said, "to discuss your private arrangements."

Madame quitted the room with gilding, subtle grace, and then Sir Oswald, in his courtly fashion, placed a chair for Miss Hastings. He looked at the pale, clear-cut face for a few minutes in silence, as though he were at a loss what to say, and then he commenced suddenly:

"I suppose Madame Selini has told you what I want, Miss Hastings?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply; "your niece has been neglected—you want some one to take the entire superintendence of her."

"Neglected!" exclaimed Sir Oswald. "My dear madame, that is a mild word, which does not express the dreadful reality. I wish to disguise nothing from you, I assure you—she literally horrifies me."

Miss Hastings smiled.

"Neglected," he repeated; "the girl is a savage, a splendid savage—nothing more nor less."

"Has she not received any kind of training, then, Sir Oswald?"

"Training! My dear madame, can you imagine what a wild vine is—vine that has never been cultivated or pruned, but allowed to grow wild in all its natural beauty and strength, to cling where it would, to trail on the ground and to twine round forest trees? Such a vine is a fit type of my niece."

Miss Hastings looked slightly bewildered. Here was a very different pupil from the elegant, graceful daughters of Lady Castledine.

"I should perhaps," continued Sir Oswald, "explain to you the peculiar position that my niece, Miss Pauline Darrell, has occupied."

His grand old face flushed and his stately head was bowed, as though some of the memories that swept over him were not free from shame; and then, with a little gesture of his white hand, on which shone a large diamond ring, he said:

"There is no need for me to tell you, Miss Hastings, that the Darrells are one of the oldest families in England—ancient, honorable, and I must confess, proud, very proud. My father, the late Sir Hildebert Darrell, was, I should say, one of the proudest and most reserved of men. He had but two children, myself and a daughter twelve years younger—my sister Felicia. I was educated abroad. It was one of my father's fancies that I should see many lands, that I should study men and women before settling down to my right position in the world; so that I knew but little of my sister Felicia. She was a child when I left home—the tragedy of her life had happened before I had returned."

Again a great rush of color came over the pale aristocratic face.

"I must apologize, Miss Hastings, for troubling you with these details, but unless you understand them you will not understand my niece. I cannot tell you how it happened, but it did so happen that while I was away my sister disgraced herself; she left home with a French artist, whom Sir Hildebert had engaged to renovate some choice and costly pictures at Darrell Court. How it came about I cannot say—perhaps there were excuses for her. She may have found home very dull—my father was harsh and cold, and her mother was dead. It may be that when the young artist told her of warm love in sunny lands she was tempted, poor child, to leave the paternal roof. My father's wrath was terrible; he pursued Julian L'Estrange with unrelenting fury. I believe the man would have been a successful artist but for my father, who had vowed to ruin him, and who never rested until he had done so—until he had reduced him to dire poverty—and then my sister appealed for help, and my father refused to grant it. He would not allow her name to be mentioned amongst us; her portrait was destroyed; everything belonging to her was sent away from Darrell Court. When I returned—in an interview that I shall never forget—my father threatened me with not only disinheritance, but with his curse, if I made any attempt to hold the least communication with my sister. I do not know that I should have obeyed him if I could have found her, but I did not even know what part of the world she was in. She died, poor girl, and I have no doubt that her death was greatly hastened by privation. My father told me of her death, also that she had left one daughter; he did more—he wrote to Julian L'Estrange and offered to adopt his daughter on the one condition that he would consent never to see her or hold the least communication with her. The reply was, as you may imagine, a firm refusal and a fierce denunciation. In the same letter came a note, written in a large, childish hand: 'I love my papa, and I do not love you. I will not come to live with you. You are a cruel man, and you helped to kill my dear mamma.' It was a characteristic little note, and was signed 'Pauline L'Estrange.' My father's anger on receiving it was very great. I confess that I was more amused than angry. My father, Miss Hastings, lived to a good old age. I was not a young man when I succeeded him. He left me all his property. You must understand the Darrell and Audleigh Royal estates are not entailed. He made no mention in his will of the only grandchild he had; but, after I had arranged all my affairs, I resolved to find her. For ten years I had been doing all I could—sending to France, Italy, Spain, and every country where I thought it possible the artist might have sought refuge. Three months since I received a letter from him, written on his death-bed, asking me to do something for Pauline, who had grown up into a beautiful girl of seventeen. I found then that he had been living in the Rue d'Orme, Paris. I buried him, brought his daughter to England, and made arrangements whereby she should assume the name of Darrell. But I little knew what a task I had undertaken. Pauline ought to be my heiress, Miss Hastings. She ought to succeed me at Darrell Court. I have no other relatives. But—well, I will not despair; you will see what can be done with her."

"What are her deficiencies?" asked Miss Hastings.

Sir Oswald raised up his white hands with a gesture of despair.

"I will tell you briefly. She has lived amongst artists. She does not seem to have ever known any of her own sex. She is—I am sorry to use the word—a perfect Bohemian. Whether she can be transformed into anything faintly resembling a lady, I cannot tell. Will you undertake the task, Miss Hastings?"

She looked very thoughtful for some minutes, and then answered:

"I will do my best, Sir Oswald."

"I thank you very much. You must permit me to name liberal terms, for your task will be no light one."

And the interview ended, to their mutual satisfaction.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a beautiful May-day, bright with fresh Spring loveliness. The leaves were springing fresh and green from the trees; the hedges were all ablaze with pink hawthorn; the chestnut-trees were all in flower; the gold of the laburnum, the purple of the lilac, the white of the fair acacias, and the delicate green of the stately elms and limes gave a beautiful variety of color. The grass was dotted with a hundred wild-flowers; great clusters of yellow buttercups looked in the distance like the upspreading of a sea of gold; the violets perfumed the air, the bluebells stirred in the sweet Spring breeze, and the birds sang out loudly and jubilantly.

If one spot looked more lovely than another on this bright May-day, it was Darrell Court, for it stood where the sun shone brightest, in one of the most romantic and picturesque nooks of England—the part of Woodshire bordering on the sea.

The mansions and estates stood on gently rising ground; a chain of purple hills stretched away into the far distance; then came the pretty town of Audleigh Royal, the Audleigh Woods, and the broad, deep river Dart. The bank of the river

formed the boundary of the Darrell estates, a rich and magnificent herbage, wherein every beauty of meadow and wood seemed to meet. The park was rich in its stately trees and herds of deer; and not far from the house was a fir-wood—an aromatic, odorous fir-wood, which led to the very shores of the smiling southern sea.

By night and by day the grand music of nature was heard in perfection at Darrell Court. Sometimes it was the roll of the wind across the hills, or the beat of angry waves on the shore, or the wild melody of the storm amongst the pine-trees, or the full chorus of a thousand feathered songsters. The Court itself was one of the most picturesque of mansions. It did not belong to any one order or style of architecture—there was nothing stiff or formal about it—but it looked in that bright May sunshine a noble edifice, with its square towers covered with clinging ivy, gray turrets, and large arched windows.

Did the sun ever shine upon such a combination of color? The spray of the fountains glittered in the air, the numerous balconies were filled with flowers; wherever it was possible for a flower to take root, one had been placed to grow—purple wisterias, red, solemn passion-flowers, roses of every hue. The star-like jasmine and scarlet creepers gave to the walls of the old mansion a vivid glow of color; gold and purple enriched the gardens, heavy white lilies breathed faintest perfumes. The spot looked a very Eden.

The grand front entrance consisted of a large Gothic porch, which was reached by a broad flight of steps, adorned with white marble vases, filled with flowers; the first terrace was immediately below, and terrace led from terrace down to the grand old garden, where sweetest blossoms grew.

There was an old-world air about the place—something patrician, quiet, reserved. It was no vulgar haunt for vulgar crowds; it was not a show-place; and the master of it, Sir Oswald Darrell, as he stood upon the terrace, looked in keeping with the surroundings.

There was a *distingué* air about Sir Oswald, an old-fashioned court dignity, which never for one moment left him. He was thoroughly well bred: he had not two sets of manners—one for the world and one for private life; he was always the same, measured in speech, noble in his grave composure. No man ever more thoroughly deserved the name of aristocrat. He was delicate and fastidious, with profound and deeply-rooted disgust for all that was ill-bred, vulgar, or mean.

Even in his dress Sir Oswald was remarkable: the superfine white linen, the diamond studs and sleeve-links, the rare jewels that gleamed on his fingers—all struck the attention; and, as he took from his pocket a richly-engraved golden snuff-box, and tapped it with the ends of his delicate white fingers, there stood revealed a thorough aristocrat—the ideal of an English patrician gentleman.

Sir Oswald walked round the stately terrace and gardens.

"I do not see her," he said to himself; "yet most certainly Frampton told me she was here."

Then, with his gold-headed cane in hand, Sir Oswald descended to the gardens. He was evidently in search of some one. Meeting one of the gardeners, who stood, hat in hand, as he passed by, Sir Oswald asked:

"Have you seen Miss Darrell in the gardens?"

"I saw Miss Darrell in the fernery some five minutes since, Sir Oswald," was the reply.

Sir Oswald drew from his pocket a very fine white handkerchief, and diffused an agreeable odor of millefleurs around him; the gardener had been near the stables, and Sir Oswald was fastidious.

A short walk brought him to the fernery, an exquisite combination of rock and rustic-work, arched by a dainty green roof, and made musical by the ripple of a little waterfall. Sir Oswald looked in cautiously, evidently rather in dread of what he might find there; then his eyes fell upon something, and he said:

"Pauline, are you there?"

A rich, clear, musical voice answered:

"Yes, I am here, uncle."

"My dear," continued Sir Oswald, half timidly, not advancing a step further into the grotto, "may I ask what you are doing?"

"Certainly, uncle," was the cheerful reply; "you may ask by all means. The difficulty is to answer; for I am really doing nothing, and I do not know how to describe 'nothing.'"

"Why did you come hither?" he asked.

"To dream," replied the musical voice. "I think the sound of falling water is the sweetest music in the world. I came here to enjoy it and to dream over it."

Sir Oswald looked very uncomfortable.

"Considering, Pauline, how much you have been neglected, do you not think you might spend your time more profitably—in educating yourself, for example?"

"This is educating myself. I am teaching myself beautiful thoughts, and nature, just now, is my singing mistress." And then the speaker's voice suddenly changed, and a ring of passion came into it. "Who says that I have been neglected? When you say that you speak ill of my dear dead father, and no one shall do that in my presence. You speak slander, and slander ill becomes an English gentleman. If I was neglected when my father was alive, I wish to goodness such neglect were my portion now!"

Sir Oswald shrugged his shoulders.

"Each one to his or her taste, Pauline. With very little more of such neglect you would have been a—"

He paused; perhaps some instinct of prudence warned him.

"A what?" she demanded, scornfully. "Pray finish the sentence, Sir Oswald?"

"My dear, you are too impulsive, too hasty. You want more quietness of manner, more dignity."

Her voice deepened in its tones as she asked:

"I should have been a what, Sir Oswald? I never begin a sentence and leave it half finished. You surely are not afraid to finish it!"

"No, my dear," was the calm reply; "there never yet was a Darrell afraid of anything on earth. If you particularly wish me to do so, I will finish what I was about to say. You would have been a confirmed Bohemian, and nothing could have made you a lady."

"I love what you call Bohemians, and I detest what you call ladies, Sir Oswald," was the angry retort.

"Most probably; but then, you see, Pauline, the ladies of the house of Darrell have always been ladies—high-bred, elegant women. I doubt if any of them ever knew what the word 'Bohemian' meant."

She laughed a little scornful laugh, which yet was sweet and clear as the sound of silver bells.

"I had almost forgotten," said Sir Oswald; "I came to speak to you about something, Pauline; will you come into the house with me?"

They walked on together in silence for some minutes, and then Sir Oswald began:

"I went to London, as you know, last week, Pauline, and my errand was on your behalf."

She raised her eyebrows, but did not deign to ask any questions.

"I have engaged a lady to live with us here at Darrell Court whose duties will be to finish your education, or, rather, I may truthfully say, to begin it, to train you in the habits of refined society, to—to—make you presentable, in fact, Pauline, which I am sorry, really sorry to say, you are not at present."

She made him a low bow—a bow full of defiance and rebellion.

"I am indeed indebted to you, Sir Oswald."

"No trifling," said the stately baronet; "no sarcasm, or reason—pray attend. Look around you," he continued; "remember that the broad, fair lands of Darrell Court form one of the grandest domains in England. It is an inheritance almost royal in its extent and magnificence. Whoso reigns here is king or queen of half

much of that kind of nonsense. The young ladies of the present day—properly educated girls—do not talk in that way."

"I can easily believe it," she returned, bitterly. "Miss Hastings is in the library," said Sir Oswald, as they entered the house. "I hope to see you receive her kindly. Put away that frown, Pauline, and smile if you can. Remember, it is characteristic of the Darrells to be gracious to strangers."

With these words Sir Oswald opened the library-door, and, holding his niece's hand, entered the room. Miss Hastings rose to receive them. He led Pauline to her, and in the kindest manner possible introduced them to each other.

"I will leave you together," he said. "Pauline will show you to your rooms, Miss Hastings; and I hope that you will soon feel happy, and quite at home with us."

Sir Oswald quitted the library, leaving the two ladies looking in silence at each other.

CHAPTER III.

MISS HASTINGS had been prepared to see a hoyden, an awkward, unfledged schoolgirl, one who, never having seen much of good society, had none of the little graces and charms that distinguish young ladies. She had expected to see a tall, gaunt girl, with red hands, and a general air of not knowing what to do with herself—that was the idea she had formed. She gazed in wonder at the reality—a magnificent figure—a girl whose grand, pale, statuesque beauty was something that could never be forgotten. There was nothing of the boarding-school young lady about her, no acquired graces. She was simply magnificent—no other word could describe her. Miss Hastings, as she looked at her, thought involuntarily of the graceful lines, the beautiful curves, the grand, free, grace of the world-renowned Diana of the Louvre; there was the same arched, graceful neck, the same royal symmetry, the harmony of outline.

In one of the most celebrated art galleries of Rome, Miss Hastings remembered to have seen a superb bust of Juno; as she looked at her new pupil, she could almost fancy that its head had been modeled from hers. Pauline's head was royal in its queenly contour; the brow low, white, and rounded at the temples; the hair, waving in lines of incomparable beauty, was loosely gathered together and fastened behind with a gleaming silver arrow. The eyes were perhaps the most wonderful feature in that wonderful face; they were dark as night itself, somewhat in hue like a purple heartstone, rich, soft, dreamy, yet at times all fire, all brightness, filled with passion more intense than any words, and shining then with a strange half-golden light. The brows were straight, dark, and beautiful; the lips crimson, full, and exquisitely shaped: the mouth looked like one that could persuade or condemn—that could express tenderness or scorn, love or pride, with the slightest play of the lips.

Every attitude the girl assumed was full of unconscious grace. She did not appear to be in the least conscious of her wonderful beauty. She had walked to the window, and stood leaning carelessly against the frame, one beautiful arm thrown above her head, as though she were weary, and would find rest—an attitude that could not have been surpassed had she studied for years.

"You are not at all what I expected to see," said Miss Hastings, at last. "You are, indeed, so different that I am taken by surprise."

"Am I better or worse than you had imagined me?" she asked, with careless scorn.

"You are different—better, perhaps, in some ways. You are taller. You are so tall that it will be difficult to remember you are a pupil."

"The Darrells are a tall race," she said, quietly. "Miss Hastings, what are you come here to teach me?"

The elder lady rose from her seat and looked lovingly into the face of the girl; she placed her hand caressingly on the slender shoulders.

"I know what I should like to teach you, Miss Darrell, if you will let me. I should like to teach you your duty to heaven, your fellow-creatures, and yourself."

"That would be dry learning, I fear," she returned. "What does my uncle wish me to learn?"

"To be in all respects a perfectly refined, graceful lady."

Her face flushed with a great crimson wave that rose to the white brow and the delicate shell-like ears.

"I shall never be that," she cried, passionately. "I may just as well give up all hopes of Darrell Court. I have seen some ladies since I have been here. I could not be like them. They seem to speak by rule; they all say the same kind of things, with the same smiles, in the same tone of voice; they follow each other like sheep; they seem frightened to advance an opinion of their own, or even give utterance to an original thought. They look upon me as something horrible, because I dare to say what I think, and have read every book I could find."

"It is not always best to put our thoughts into speech; and the chances are, Miss Darrell, if you have read every book you could find, you have read many that would have been better left alone. You are giving a very one-sided, prejudiced view after all."

She raised her beautiful head with a gesture of superb disdain.

"There is the same difference between them and myself as between a mechanical singing-bird made to sing three tunes and a wild, sweet bird of the woods. I like my own self best."

"There is not the least doubt of that," observed Miss Hastings, with a smile; "but the question is not quite so much what we like ourselves as what others like in us. However, we will discuss that at another time, Miss Darrell."

"Has my uncle told you that, if I please him—if I can be molded into the right form—I am to be the heiress of Darrell Court?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes; and now that I have seen you I am persuaded that you can be anything you wish."

"Do you think, then, that I am clever?" she asked, eagerly.

"I should imagine so," replied Miss Hastings. "Pauline—I need not call you Miss Darrell—I hope we shall be friends—I trust we shall be happy together."

"It is not very likely," she said, slowly, "that I can like you, Miss Hastings."

"Why not?" asked the governess, astonished at her frankness.

"Because you are to correct me; continual correction will be a great annoyance, and prevent my really liking you."

Miss Hastings looked astounded.

"That may be, Pauline," she said; "but do you know that it is not polite of you to say so? In good society one does not tell such unpleasant truths."

"That is just it," was the eager retort; "that is why I do not like good society, and shall never be fit for it. I am truthful by nature. In my father's house and amongst his friends there was never any need to conceal the truth; we always spoke it frankly. If we did not like each other, we said so. But here, it seems to me, the first lesson learned to fit one for society is to speak falsely."

"Not so, Pauline: but, when the truth is likely to hurt another's feelings, to wound susceptibility or pride, why speak it, unless it is called for?"

Pauline moved her white arms with a superb gesture of scorn.

"I would rather any day hear the truth and have my mind hurt," she said, energetically, "than feel that people were smiling at me and deceiving me. Lady Hampton visits Sir Oswald. I do not like her, and she does not like me; but she always asks Sir Oswald how his 'dear niece' is, and she calls me a 'sweet creature—original, but very sweet.' You can see for yourself, Miss Hastings, that I am not that."

"Indeed, you are not sweet," returned the governess, smiling; "but, Pauline, you are, a mimic, and mimicry is a dangerous gift."

She had imitated Lady Hampton's languid tones and affected accent to perfection.

"Sir Oswald bows and smiles all the time Lady Hampton is talking to him; he stands first upon one foot, and then upon the other. You would think, to listen to him, that he was so charmed with her ladyship that he could not exist out of her presence. Yet I have seen him quite delighted at her departure, and twice I heard him say 'Thank heaven'—it was for the relief. Your good society is all deceit, Miss Hastings."

"I will not have you say that, Pauline. Amiability and the desire always to be kind and considerate, may carry one to extremes at times; but I am inclined to prefer the amiability that spares to the truth that wounds."

"I am not," was the blunt rejoinder. "Will you come to your rooms, Miss Hastings? Sir Oswald has ordered a suite to be prepared entirely for our use. I have three rooms, you have four; and there is a study we can use together."

They went through the broad stately corridors, where the warm sun shone in through the windows, and the flowers breathed sweetest perfume. The rooms that had been prepared for them were bright and pleasant, with a beautiful view from the windows, well furnished, and supplied with every comfort. A sigh came from Miss Hastings, as she gazed—it was all so pleasant. But it seemed very doubtful to her whether she would remain or not—very doubtful whether she would be able to make what Sir Oswald desired out of that frank, free-spoken girl, who had not one conventional idea.

"Sir Oswald is very kind," she said, at length, looking around her; "these rooms are exceedingly nice."

"They are nice," said Pauline; "but I was happier with my father in the Rue d'Orme. Ah me, what liberty we had there! In this stately life I feel as though I was bound with cords, or shackled with chains—as though I longed to stretch out my arms and fly away."

Again Miss Hastings sighed, for it seemed to her that the time of her residence at Darrell Court would in all probability be very short.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB commenced their season by a trip from Erith, on May 8th. There was a nice breeze from S.W., and about eleven yachts got under way, including the splendid new screw-yacht *Minerva* (the Commodore, F. Broadwood, Esq.), *Sphinx* (the Vice-Commodore, J. S. Earle, Esq.), *Snowdrift*, *Vol au-vent*, etc., the last named being a cutter recently built by Ratsay, of Cowes. The *Minerva*, with a large party on board, led the fleet some distance down the river; but an ebb tide rendered an early return to Erith advisable, most of the yachts reaching their moorings by five o'clock, having opened the thirtieth season of the deservingly popular club. The days fixed for the matches of the season, were May 16th, match for cutters; May 31st, yawl match; June 15th, schooner match; June 30th, ten-tons match.

A BOAT-RACE AT BANGKOK is a decided novelty, although the capital of Siam is no exception to the general rule that wherever Englishmen congregate English sports are carried on, even in the most out-of-the-way parts of the globe. The late disagreement between the Supreme King and the Second King of Siam, which caused the latter to take refuge at the British Consulate, brought Sir Andrew Clarke and Admiral Ryder, the naval Commander-in-chief, to Bangkok to try and settle the difference, at the request of the Supreme King. They arrived, February 19th, in H.M.S. *Vigilant*. During the *Vigilant's* stay a boat-race was got up by some gentlemen on shore, to be pulled in four-oared outriggers, "Land" against "Water"—that is to say, the English residents against the sailors. The course was from the Italian Consulate to the Supreme King's Palace, a straight half-mile. The King, who took a great interest in the race, invited Sir Andrew Clarke and Admiral Ryder to view it from his state picnic barge, where he was attended by the principal nobles and princes of Siam. The race, which was warmly and evenly contested, resulted in "Water" winning by one-third of a length. The time of rowing was three minutes. As soon as the gun proclaimed the race won, a boat was sent from the Royal barge with a very handsome bouquet, presented to the winning boat, and an officer summoned the winners to His Majesty's presence to receive his congratulations. The King addressed them in very good English, thanking them for the pleasure their performance had given them, and congratulated them on their success, presenting each gentleman with a solid silver box, laid with gold. Our illustration shows the race nearly won, with the Royal barge and steam-launch to the right hand.

The SIREN FOG-SIGNAL is described by Dr. Tyndall as beyond question the most powerful fog-signal which has hitherto been tried in England. The instrument is called a siren because the sound is produced by means of a disk, with twelve radial slits, being made to rotate in front of a fixed disk exactly similar. The moving disk revolves 2,800 times a minute, and in each revolution there is, of course, twelve coincidences between the two disks; through the openings thus made steam or air at high pressure is allowed to pass, so that there are actually twelve times 2,800 (or 33,600) puffs of steam or compressed air every minute. This causes a sound of very great power, which the cast-iron trumpet, 20 ft. in length, compresses to a certain extent; and the blast goes out as a sort of sound-beam in the direction required. This siren was sent over to England by the American Lighthouse Board, at the request of the Trinity Corporation, to be tried with other instruments in the recent experiments at South Foreland, and it has certainly beaten all the steam-whistles, reed-horns and guns that were tried with it. It was designed and manufactured by Mr. Brown, of Progress Works, New York. From a paper on the recent experiments to which we have referred, read on the 7th of May, by Vice-Admiral Collinson, C.B., at the Royal United Service Institution, we learn that the Trinity House has already ordered a number of these instruments to be made with the view of establishing round the British coasts a complete chain of sound-signals, to be used in foggy weather when lighthouses are of no avail. This siren can be heard in all sorts of weather at from two and a half to three miles, and in the Trinity House experiments was, on one favorable occasion, heard sixteen and three-fourths miles out at sea.

That may be, Pauline," she said; "but do you know that it is not polite of you to say so? In good society one does not tell such unpleasant truths."

"That is just it," was the eager retort; "that is why I do not like good society, and shall never be fit for it. I am truthful by nature. In my father's house and amongst his friends there was never any need to conceal the truth; we always spoke it frankly. If we did not like each other, we said so. But here, it seems to me, the first lesson learned to fit one for society is to speak falsely."

IF THE "JEFFERSON BORDEN" mutineers, who are now lying in the London Hospital, do not die of their wounds, they will, under the Extradition Treaty, be brought to America for trial. The terrible story of their crimes has been told in the daily papers, but it may be briefly repeated here. The *Jefferson Borden* left New Orleans for London on the 5th of March. Captain Patterson had his wife on board, and also his brother and cousin, who were first and second mate respectively. The three mutineers were seamen, and one of them, Miller, tried to make "trouble" as soon as the vessel was out of the river. He was put in irons, but on promise of better behavior was released. Then all went quietly until midnight on the 20th of April, when Miller, Clew, and Smith, having bound and gagged the boy, enticed the mates forward and murdered them, killing one with a "block-strap" (the formidable iron instrument shown in our engraving), and throwing the other overboard alive. Miller then went to the cabin and called the captain forward, saying that Clew had broken his leg, but the captain, warned by his wife, and seeing that Miller held something behind him, refused to go, and got out his revolver. When daylight came the captain, supported by his wife and the steward, after firing over the heads of the mutineers with a shot-gun, fired at them with a revolver; they replied by throwing bottles and iron bolts, the strife continuing all day and all night, and the vessel being the whole time at the mercy of the winds. At length the men, after vainly trying to launch a boat, took refuge in the deck-house, the door of which the captain immediately nailed up. Here they were fired upon by the captain until they surrendered. They were then put in irons, and their wounds dressed, and in reply to the captain's questions, they told how they had killed the mates. Plunder would appear to have been the motive which prompted these wretches to their crime, for though some indistinct complaints of tyranny have been made by them against the captain and the unfortunate mates, the boy's evidence goes to show not only that these charges were groundless, but that one of the mutineers had exhibited great curiosity as to whether there was any money or valuables in the captain's cabin. Mrs. Patterson appears to have acted like a brave and noble woman, boldly seconding her husband in his endeavor to suppress the mutiny, and tenderly caring for the wounded men after they had been overcome.

ARTIFICIAL PIGEON-SHOOTING, AS NOW CARRIED OUT ON THE DOWNS AT EPSOM, BETWEEN THE STATION AND THE STAND, WOULD DELIGHT MR. BERGH. THE ARRANGEMENTS ARE REMARKABLY SIMPLE. A CATAPULT, FORMED OF TWO PIECES OF INDIA-RUBBER, HAVING A CAP IN THE CENTRE, IS SO ADJUSTED THAT, BY PULLING A CORD ATTACHED TO A KIND OF TRIGGER, THE SPRING IS RELEASED, AND A THIN, COLORED GLASS BALL IS EJECTED SOME FIFTY FEET INTO THE AIR. THE SHOOTERS STAND ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YARDS BEHIND THE CATAPULT, AND TO BREAK THE GLASS BALL IN THE AIR REQUIRES SOME LITTLE KNACK. BY ATTEMPTING TO FOLLOW THE FOLLOWING RULE, A DECENT SHOT MAY EASILY BREAK THE BALL EVERY TIME: "FOLLOW THE RISE OF THE BALL WITH THE MUZZLE OF YOUR GUN, BUT WAIT UNTIL IT IS UPON THE TURN BEFORE YOU PULL THE TRIGGER. AT EPSOM THE ODDS ARE ALWAYS AGAINST THE GUN, AS THE CHARGE IS ONLY TWOPENCE PER SHOT, AND, CONSEQUENTLY, THERE IS ONLY A DRACHM OF POWDER IN THE CARTRIDGE, AND OFTEN NO SHOT. MANY REALLY GOOD SHOTS HAVE MADE TERRIBLE FLASHERS BEFORE THEIR FRIENDS, WHEN SHOOTING AT THE ARTIFICIAL PIGEONS AT EPSOM."

THE BESSEMER SALOON STEAMER, THE NEW STEAMSHIP WITH THE SUSPENDED SALOON, INVENTED BY MR. H. BESSEMER, TO PREVENT SEA-SICKNESS TO PASSENGERS ACROSS THE CHANNEL, MADE THE TRIP FROM DOVER TO CALAIS, ON SATURDAY, MAY 8TH, WITH ABOUT TWO HUNDRED PASSENGERS ON BOARD. SHE STARTED FROM THE ADMIRALTY PIER SOON AFTER ELEVEN O'CLOCK, UNDER COMMAND OF CAPTAIN PITTOCK. THERE WAS MIST AND RAIN AT THAT HOUR, BUT IT SOON CLEARED OFF, AND THE SEA WAS VERY SMOOTH. THE WIND, TOO, WAS FAVORABLE, SO THAT THERE WAS REALLY NO OPPORTUNITY FOR PROVING THE REPUTEDpeculiar ADVANTAGES OF THIS VESSEL. THE HYDRAULIC-POWER APPARATUS DESIGNED TO KEEP THE SWINGING SALOON IN A HORIZONTAL POSITION WAS NOT USED AT ALL, AND THE SALOON REMAINED FIXED IN THE HULL OF THE SHIP. BUT AS TO THE SPACIOUSNESS AND CONVENIENCE OF ALL THE ACCOMMODATION FOR PASSENGERS, THOSE ON BOARD, WHO CAME BY SPECIAL INVITATION, WERE FULLY SATISFIED. THE RUN OVER TO CALAIS WAS PERFORMED IN JUST AN HOUR AND A HALF. UNFORTUNATELY, AS THE VESSEL WAS ENTERING CALAIS HARBOUR, SHE RAN AGAINST ONE OF THE WOODEN PIERS, AND DID IT MUCH DAMAGE, BUT WAS HERSELF LITTLE THE WORSE.

THE NEW VOLCANO ON THE SMALL ISLAND OF CAMIGUIN, NEAR THE NORTH COAST OF MINDANAO (PHILIPPINE ISLANDS), HAS RECENTLY BEEN VISITED AND SKETCHED BY MR. J. J. WILD, ON BOARD H.M.S. *CHALLENGER*. THE RECENT VOLCANIC DISTURBANCES ON THE ONCE FERTILE ISLAND OF CAMIGUIN HAVE REDUCED ITS POPULATION FROM 25,000 TO A POOR REMNANT OF A FEW HUNDRED. IT APPEARS THAT AFTER A SERIES OF EARTHQUAKES, LASTING SIX MONTHS, AND EXTENDING OVER THE NEIGHBORING ISLANDS, THE FIRST OUTBREAK OCCURRED ON MAY 1ST, 1871, AT THE FOOT OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO IN THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF THE ISLAND. AFTER THE FIRST ERUPTION THE EARTHQUAKES AT ONCE CEASED. SINCE THE ABOVE DATE THE ACCUMULATION OF THE MOUNTAIN HAS BEEN GOING ON STEADILY, AND ACCOMPANIED WITH BUT LITTLE VIOLENCE. AT THE END OF THE FIRST FOUR MONTHS IT WAS ABOUT A THIRD OF A MILE IN DIAMETER AND 400 FEET HIGH; AND NOW, AFTER AN INTERVAL OF LESS THAN FOUR YEARS, IT HAS ATTAINED A HEIGHT OF NEARLY 2,000 FEET. THE GENERAL COLOR OF THE CONE, ESPECIALLY NEAR THE EDGE OF THE CRATER, IS OF A RICH BROWN, INTERMINGLED WITH PATCHES OF LIGHT-RED AND GRAY ALONG THE STEEP SLOPES, APPARENTLY A HUGE PILE OF CINDER, ASHES, MUD, AND LAVA. THIS AFFORDS A STRONG CONTRAST TO THE FRESH GREEN OF THE MOUNTAIN WHICH RISES IMMEDIATELY BEHIND IT. FOR MILES ON EACH SIDE OF THE VOLCANO THE TREES ARE BLIGHTED AND THE VEGETATION DESTROYED BY THE SULPHUREOUS EXHALATIONS. THE CONE CONSISTS ALMOST ENTIRELY OF GRAY TRACHYTE; BUT MUCH OF THE MASS HAS BEEN EMULATED IN THE FORM OF MUD, AND THERE ARE LIKewise BEDS OF WHAT APPEARS TRUE LAVA, ESPECIALLY NEAR THE EDGE OF THE WATER, WHERE THERE IS A LOW SEA-CLIFF. AFTER AN EXCHANGE OF CIVILITIES, CHIEFLY EXPRESSED IN PANTOMIME, WITH THE DARK-SKINNED NATIVES OF ABAGO, THE EXPLORING PARTY FROM THE *CHALLENGER* RETURNED ON BOARD. AS NIGHT CAME ON, THE VOLCANIC FIRE COULD BE SEEN PLAYING ON THE EDGE OF THE CRATER, AND FILLING WITH INCANDESCENT GLARE THE FISSURES OF THE NEWEST OF MOUNTAINS.

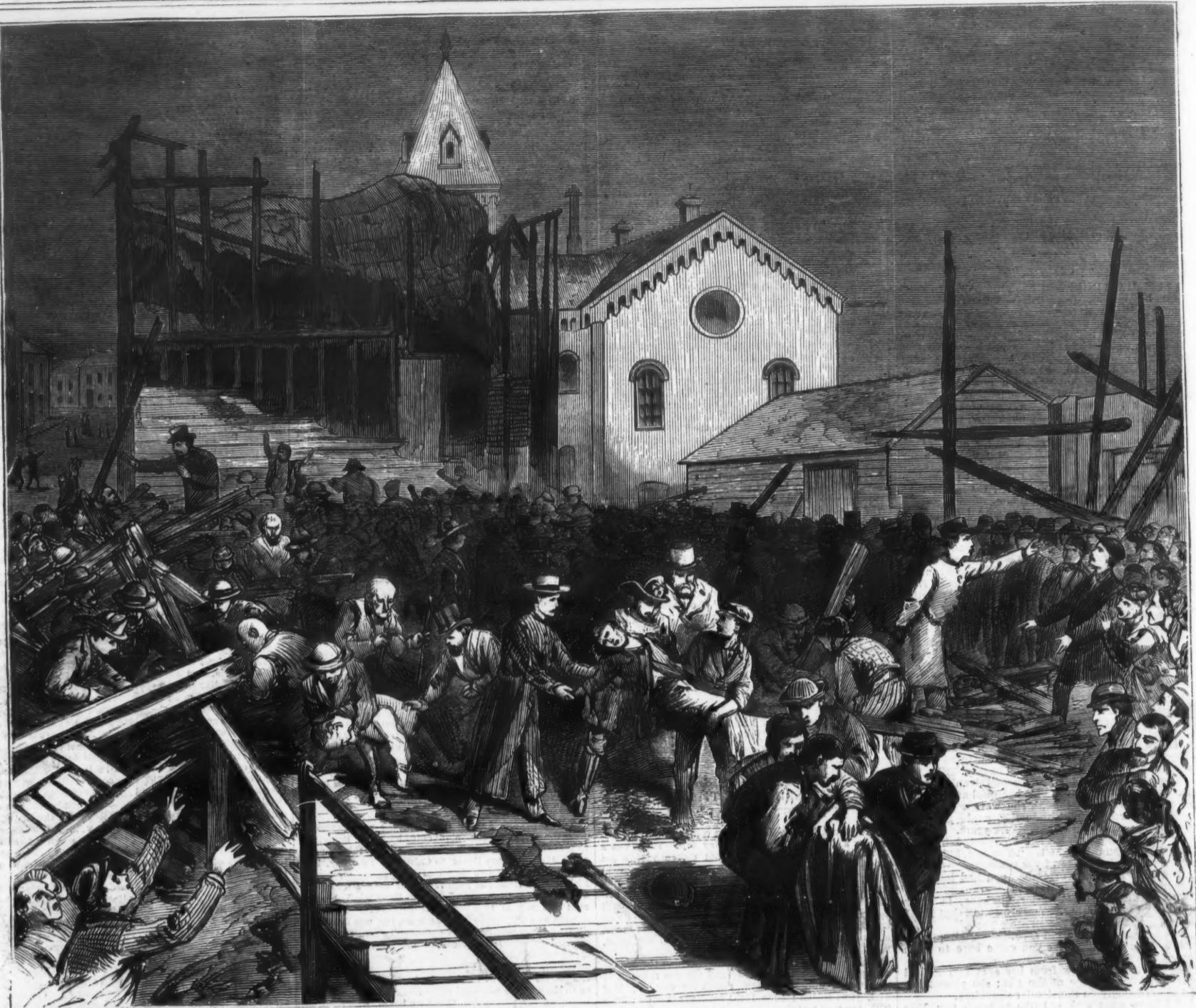
HOW TO PLAY THE PIANO.

IT WAS A YOUNG WOMAN WITH AS MANY WHITE FLOWERS ROUND HER AS THE PLANET SATURN HAS RINGS, THAT DID IT. SHE GAVE THE MUSIC-STOOL A WHIRL OR TWO, AND FLUFFED DOWN ON IT LIKE A TWIRL OF SOAP-SUDS IN A HAND-BASIN. THEN SHE PUSHED UP HER CUFFS AS IF SHE WAS GOING TO FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPION'S BELT. THEN SHE WORKED HER WRISTS AND HANDS TO LIMBER 'EM, I SUPPOSE, AND SPREAD OUT HER FINGERS TILL THEY LOOKED AS THOUGH THEY WOULD PRETTY MUCH COVER THE KEY-BOARD FROM THE GROWLING END DOWN TO THE LITTLE SQUEAKY ONE. THEN THESE TWO HANDS OF HERS MADE A JUMP AT THE KEYS AS IF THEY WERE A COUPLE OF TIGERS COMING DOWN UPON A FLOCK OF BLACK AND WHITE SHEEP, AND THE PIANO GAVE A GREAT HOWL AS IF ITS TAIL HAD BEEN TROD ON. DEAD STOP—SO STILL YOU COULD HEAR YOUR HAIR GROWING. THEN ANOTHER HOWL, AS IF THE PIANO HAD TWO TAILS AND YOU HAD TROD ON BOTH OF 'EM AT ONCE, AND THEN A GRAND CHATTER AND SCRABBLE AND STRING OF JUMPS, UP AND DOWN, BACK AND FORWARD, ONE HAND OVER THE OTHER, LIKE A STAMPEDE OF RATS AND MICE MORE THAN ANYTHING I CALL MUSIC.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE PAPAL DELEGATION WERE PRESENTED TO THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET OFFICERS ON MAY 27TH...GENERAL MEIGS, QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL OF THE ARMY, GOES TO EUROPE FOR A YEAR TO INSPECT FOREIGN ARMIES...THE SHIP-CANAL SURVEYING PARTY UNDER LIEUTENANT COLLINS ARRIVED HOME AFTER AN ABSENCE OF 100 DAYS...BY THE BURNING OF THE FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH OF HOLYOKE, MASS., ON MAY 27TH, OVER SEVENTY-FIVE LIVES WERE LOST...SECRETARY DELANO HELD A COUNCIL WITH THE INDIAN DELEGATION AT WASHINGTON...THE COURT OF CLAIMS DECIDED THE SUIT BROUGHT BY THE NATIONAL STATE BANK OF BOSTON AGAINST THE UNITED STATES TO RECOVER \$450,000 PAID INTO THE SUB-T

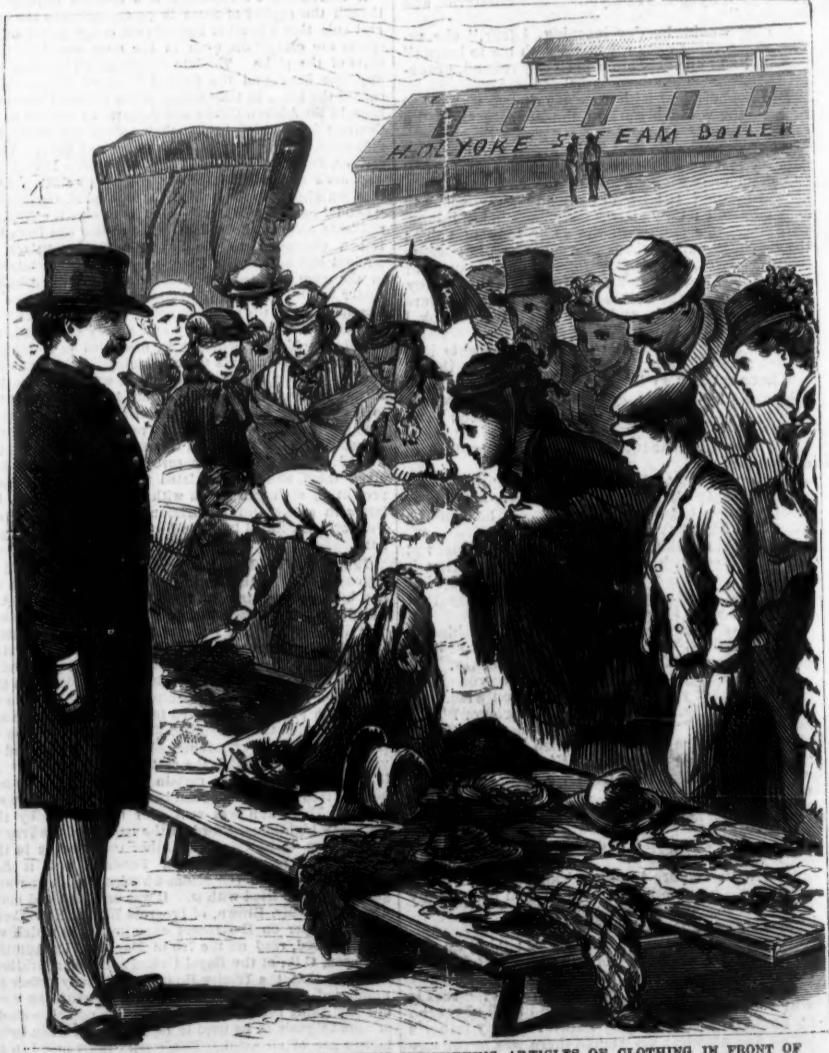


CARRYING OUT THE DEAD AND BURNED FROM THE RUINS.



HEROIC CONDUCT OF CHIEF ENGINEER MULLIN AND FIREMAN JOHN LYNCH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH DURING THE FIRE.

MASSACHUSETTS.—BURNING OF THE FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH AT HOLYOKE, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 27TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 225.



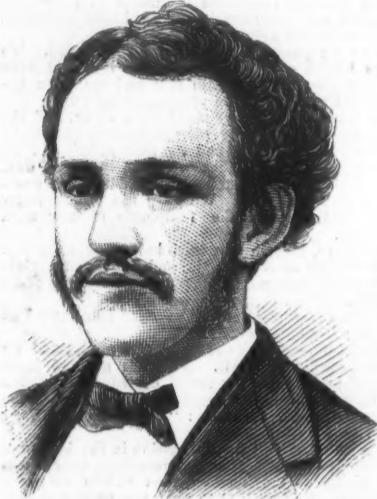
RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF THE VICTIMS IDENTIFYING ARTICLES OF CLOTHING IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH.

THE BELFRY TRAGEDY.

STRANGE DEATH OF MABEL YOUNG.

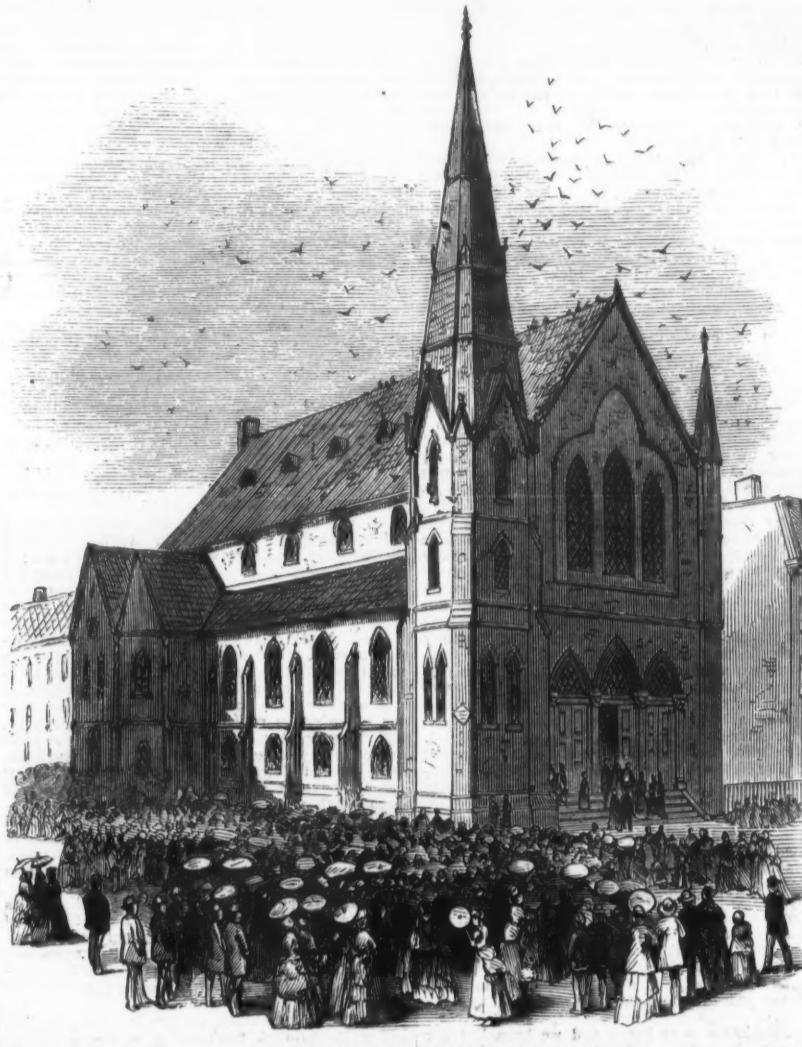
ON the afternoon of Sunday, May 23d, Boston was shocked at the intelligence that a fiendish assault had been committed, in the belfry of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, upon Mabel H. Young, a little girl of five years. She was found lying upon the floor senseless; blood was flowing freely from cuts upon her head, and her pretty face was blackened with bruises.

But a short half-hour before her mutilated body was found in the tower, she was in the Sunday-school of the church, and when found she still clasped in her hands her books and papers. Mabel was a



THOMAS W. PIPER, THE ALLEGED MURDERER.

daughter of a wealthy merchant who died a short time ago, leaving her sole heiress to his property. On the day of the tragedy little Mabel left the Sabbath-school at 3:30 P.M., in company with her aunt, Mrs. Hobbs. The latter stopped in the vestibule to talk with some friends, and at the close of the conversation, which lasted about ten minutes, Mabel was missing. The aunt and others searched the church and the street, but the child could not be found. About four o'clock some persons in the street heard indistinct cries or moans coming from the edifice. Mrs. Hobbs, who had started for home, was informed of it, and, in company with three or four young men who had joined her in the search,



THE WARREN AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH.

returned to the church. Being convinced that the cries came from the bell-tower, they entered the building, and meeting Thomas W. Piper, the sexton, demanded of him the keys leading to the belfry. Piper said that since the winter he had not had the keys to that door.

The gentlemen then ran up the stairs to the organ-loft, and, forcing open the tower-door, ascended to the first landing, an apartment twelve feet square, with two large windows. On the floor was a pool of fresh blood, and near by, under a loose board, was found a blood-stained cricket-bat. Going up another steep stairway, they came to a strong and heavy trap-door, which required the full strength of a man to open. As it was raised,



MABEL H. YOUNG, THE MURDERED CHILD.

Mabel was found lying close to the seatile, with her skull fractured and the bridge of her nose broken. A flock of doves that make this part of the tower their home were fluttering around the body.

As hastily and tenderly as possible the child was taken down into the vestibule of the church, where her bearers met the almost frenzied aunt and the excited populace. The poor creature was immediately removed to a neighboring house, and every possible medical attendance was given her, but her injuries were so severe that she died in a few hours.

Suspicion was at once directed towards Thomas



THE BELFRY OF THE WARREN AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH—FINDING THE LITTLE VICTIM.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A BOSTON SANCTUARY POLLUTED BY A SHOCKING CRIME.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. R. MORSE.

W. Piper, the sexton, as the perpetrator of the fearful crime, and he was promptly arrested. He is about thirty years of age, of dark complexion, rather stout build, and about five feet five inches in height. Since his arrest many things have been developed that go to strengthen the belief in his guilt. He was at one time under arrest on a charge of being concerned in the murder of Bridget Landregan, in the Dorchester district, over a year ago, but was released on the grounds of insufficient evidence. After the death of Mabel he was taken by the coroner and jury to view her body, and thence to the scene of the assault, but refused to answer any questions in a satisfactory manner.

ONLY.

BY WILLIAM H. MORTON.

ONLY a lock of hair
Of golden hue,
Tied with a lover's care
And ribbon blue.

Only a faded flower—
A crimson rose—
Memento of Love's hour,
Its joys and woes

Only a portrait old—
A smiling face
Set in a locket gold,
And 'neath it "Grace."

Only a grass-grown grave—
A sculptured stone—
A maiden's last will-wave
For ever flown

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

MANY years since I left the East, and proceeded to what is now the State of Illinois. I was accompanied by a young man who had studied and labored with me to overcome the almost endless difficulties of an education which fitted us for the practice of civil engineers; and it was my ambition to be instrumental in opening to civilization the vast tracts of country in that region, uninhabited as yet, save by the aborigines and a scanty population of rough, keen-eyed settlers, who depended for subsistence upon the products of a few acres of rudely tilled ground, and the supplies drawn from the great forests, and the many streams which intersected them.

We carried our instruments with us, and located on the southern part of the State, near the Ohio, in a small village or hamlet, which, from its proximity to the river, and many other natural advantages, promised to become, in time, a large city. These expectations were never realized. Now nothing remains of the village but the decaying ruins of the log-huts which, at the time we made it our home, were scattered at irregular intervals along a narrow street, or rather road, running at a right angle with the river. In the rear of the house the primeval forest stretched away for miles to the north and west; on the east and south the river intervened between the village and a similar extent of woods.

We arrived late in the Summer, when the trees were just beginning to divest themselves of their bright yellow foliage, and the scene was grand indeed.

"Here," we said, "we will locate, as this seems to be a central position; no doubt we will find a plenty to do, and, keeping pace with the growing village, there will be no difficulty in advancing our interests."

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," said the poet; and to our case it was peculiarly applicable.

We took up our quarters with a family named Mingdon. This family consisted of five members—Mr. and Mrs. Mingdon, two sons, William and Thomas, and a daughter. None of them were well favored by nature, but in our inexperience, and surrounded by the, to us, grotesque forms of the settlers, we did not notice more than the usual reckless expression and actions in our hosts; and not being physiognomists, we could not definitely set them down as rascals. We were soon made aware of their character, but not soon enough to save us from certain disagreeable consequences.

Mr. Mingdon, as he stated, was an emigrant from Virginia, from which section he had removed on account of his inability to clear off a heavy mortgage with which he had been compelled to burden his plantation. The sons were great, broad-shouldered fellows, with countenances which seemed at first sight to stamp them as men whom, to say the least, I would not have wished to meet alone. They divided the honors of ill-looks with their parents and the daughter, a masculine woman, twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, coarse and powerful.

The house was a wooden log structure, situated on an eminence in the centre of the clearing, which extended to the wood. The internal arrangements of the hut are easily described. There were two floors; the lower one divided into two rooms, each furnished with a rude window and a huge fireplace. A few roughly-constructed benches, a table, a row of shelves, bearing a few articles of crockery, and a few hooks in the girders, from which usually hung the rifles of the inmates, were the only accommodations the house could boast.

The upper floor, which was reached by a short ladder, was merely an unfinished garret or loft, the highest point not more than six feet from the hewn plank composing the floor. This was our dormitory, and although not very inviting in appearance, it afforded ample sleeping-room. Besides this, we had free access to the lower floor in common with the family, and considered ourselves quite fortunate in having secured such good quarters.

Just within the wood in the rear of the house the ground declined rapidly to a depth of probably fifty feet; the steep banks were lined with a dense undergrowth, through which a narrow, curved path led down to the foot of the descent, and then up an inclined, wood-covered plane until it was lost in the distance. I had occasion to remember this declivity, and with feelings less pleasurable than exciting.

Our first night was spent in profound slumber, the long ride of the preceding day having completely worn us out.

In the morning, after breakfast, we signified our intention of looking around the village, and becoming acquainted.

Though, according to his own accounts, Mr. Mingdon had resided in the community some little time, he did not offer to accompany, or direct us to any of his neighbors.

This, at the time, we considered rather singular, but supposing that, in this new country, no introductions were deemed necessary, we did not trouble ourselves much about the seeming neglect.

We soon found our way to the store, and having

imbibed some miserable corn whisky, of which we invited the hangers-around to partake, we questioned the landlord as to our chances of success.

"Can't say, boys, as to how you'll get along," said he. "It's squat and build here, claim or no claim, survey or no survey; and there's so much idle land hereabouts, nobody is particular about fences."

"But the village proper—has there ever been a survey of it made?"

"I reckon not. Old Tom Sargent first planted hisself down below here, and then Bill Nichols come along and drove in his stakes alongside of Tom, and put up his shanty, and then I come, and by-and-by Long Jim he come, and so they kept comin' till it's got to be a purty smart sprinklin' o' houses. We wasn't particular about an inch or a foot, and I guess there ain't a bit of ground under a head in the whole town."

"Don't you think it will cause you trouble in time?"

"It'll be a long time afore any one 'll dare to come here to give us trouble—there's too many of the boys interested;" and he cast a glance at the loungers, who by word and significant action confirmed his assertion.

After some further conversation, during which I noticed that the loungers drew closer, and did not appear to be particularly well pleased with my sentiments in regard to squatters' rights—this was before the national agitation on the subject—we returned to our domicile.

After dinner we retired to our loft, somewhat chilled, but not yet discouraged by the unfavorable aspect our prospects assumed. We had ready money to purchase a tract of land sufficient to supply us with the necessities of life; but to settle down and become mere farmers, dispelling all our glowing visions of success as surveyors—it was not what we had calculated upon when we so hopefully left our Eastern homes.

After examining a number of speculations and prospects—some of them as airy as the visions of Abu-Ben-Ahmed—we concluded to look facts in the face and locate anyway, despite the disadvantages under which we labored, of understanding little or nothing of agriculture; still less of carrying on the business of our household. However, we consoled ourselves with the thought that others had done it before us, and why not we?

At the inland terminus of the crooked street stood a small cabin, owned and inhabited by a settler named Bunker, who had become discouraged by short crops, sickness, and the loss of his horses which, in common with many others, were mysteriously abstracted.

Horse-stealing, in the eyes of these hardy men, was an unpardonable sin, and woe to the unlucky wight upon whom the guilt was fastened.

As the afternoon was but half spent, we started to look at the hut, and if we could come to terms with the present occupant we determined to make a trial.

Mr. Bunker was at home, and we broached our business. With little difficulty we made a bargain which left us sole possessors of the clearing, hut, and the greater part of the furniture and cooking utensils. The Summer harvest was in the out-houses, and a fresh-killed beef supplied us with meat sufficient to last the entire Winter. As for other articles, we still had money, and could purchase at the store.

Mr. Bunker was anxious to leave a section which had been so unpropitious to him, and we were put in possession on the following day.

Of course we were thronged with visitors who came to look around, express their satisfaction at our locating among them, and the hope that success would attend our efforts.

While the cabin was yet crowded with our callers, Mr. Mingdon and his two sons stalked in. No word of greeting was spoken by the neighbors, and within a few minutes of their entrance the house was vacated by all but them and ourselves.

What could it mean? I was unable to conjecture; but I saw in the flashing eyes and mutterings of the more outspoken among them that the Mingdons were not regarded by their neighbors with any great degree of affection, or even neighborly feeling.

They were very familiar with us, and remained a long time, giving us practical advice in regard to managing our little farm, never noticing the dislike of their fellow-townsmen.

After they had gone, I said to Macdonald:

"Did you notice it?"

"I did," he replied.

"The Mingdons do not seem to be in very good odor?"

"No, I think not; and I think our reputations will not thrive by borrowing from them."

"What can we do? I am not going to order them away, and they seem determined to stick to us."

"I don't know. The only course we can pursue will be to await developments. We won't borrow trouble, at any rate."

But I felt that the ill-feeling must have been caused by something of a serious nature; and it was universal; and with our increasing intimacy with the Mingdons it must extend to us.

Our house was the last one on the street. The Mingdon clearing adjoined it, though separated by a small clump of trees. Our clearing extended in a diagonal line towards the foot of the timber, and at this point struck the Mingdon clearing. From the lower point of our clearing a path issued and intersected the one which radiated from our neighbors' farm.

On the day following our domiciliation in the Bunker cabin, after we had cooked and eaten our matutinal meal—which would have astonished, by its simplicity, our friends in the East—we walked down to the store. We entered and called for the staple production of the bar. I noticed an expression of distrust on the faces of the loungers, which, it instantly occurred to me, was caused by our apparent intimacy with the Mingdons on the preceding day.

Our invitation to partake was declined with a scowl, and the few remarks we addressed to the landlord were answered in a surly tone. We returned, and, influenced by a feeling of loneliness, entered our neighbors' cabin, instead of going to our own. I looked behind, as I closed the rude gate, and saw the retreating form of a man whom I recognized as one of the loafers at the store. I would have recalled my companion, but Mr. Mingdon had advanced to meet us, and I could not now ignore his presence. "However," I thought, "the mischief is done, if any is impending, and that loafer will have as large a tale to tell as if we had remained here all day." So I answered Mr. M.'s nod and passed in.

I took my seat, facing one of the windows, and, as the conversation waned, Macdonald drew up his chair closer to Mingdon, who leaned towards him as if he were imparting something confidential.

It was not long before I observed several figures passing up the road, and each one, as he moved by shot a glance into the open house; and each one nodded to himself and his comrades as if some doubtful point had been satisfactorily demonstrated. The forms of my friend and Ming-

don were plainly in view from the road, and it struck me like a flash of lightning that the attentive, listening attitude of Mac would impress any one with the idea that he and our neighbor were old acquaintances. In my eyes the smallest trifles assumed the greatest importance; and as I had, by a simple process of reasoning, arrived at the conclusion that Mingdon had been guilty of some gross breach of propriety—perhaps some supposed crime—which made him obnoxious to his neighbors, I believed that the intimacy of Macdonald and myself with him must have been the means of including us in the settlers' displeasure.

No great length of time had elapsed before several others passed by, each one eying, as attentively as the first, the confidential position of my friend and Mingdon. Then followed that ominous shake of the head, and I could see by the expression of their faces that the current of their thoughts was not in the least amiable.

I began to grow uneasy, and at length rose abruptly, and bade Mr. Mingdon "good-by," motioning to Mac to follow me.

When we reached the road he asked me the cause of my abrupt departure. I related the above circumstances, and the impression they had made upon me, but he laughed at my "croaking," as he called it, and said that he found Mr. Mingdon to be a very sensible man.

"What the deuce do all the neighbors avoid him for, then?" said I. "And why do they look at us so severely because he is our friend?"

"I don't know," replied he; "for my part, I think Mingdon is too smart for the beetle-headed clophoppers. Let them look as they please; I shall not allow them the privilege of selecting my friends. I am sure he is a more entertaining companion than any of those loafers at the store—if he does look like a cutthroat."

I felt, myself, that we ought to show a little independence, but the fear of being interdicted by the society of all but Mingdon and his villainous-looking family did not at all suit my sociable nature.

A week or more passed, and we plodded on over the monotonous round of rising, eating, sleeping, and rising again, making no advances in the good graces of any of the inhabitants save the Mingdons, who seemed determined to overcome all my, at times, apparent scruples as to the propriety of counting them on our list of friends.

Macdonald and I were both pliant by nature, and it was not long before I gave up all thoughts of attempting to conciliate the unsociable villagers, and we spent the greater part of our time upon and around the Mingdon farm.

I would have questioned some of the villagers as to the cause of their enmity, but I was too proud to demean myself before those whom I considered my inferiors. Thus affairs continued, each day witnessing our increasing intimacy with the Mingdons, and deepening the frowns on the otherwise stolid features of the neighbors.

What few purchases we made were effected hurriedly, without exchanging a word beyond what was necessary.

One day I took my gun, and went into the woods for a few hours' sport, as I usually did when the weather was fine. I entered the woods by the path which radiated from our clearing, and had reached the bottom of the hollow, when I detected at a little distance two men observing my actions from the concealment afforded by a large tree. I recognized them as belonging in the village, and pretended not to see them.

I had passed them a few yards when horse neighed behind me, and I turned around to see from whence the sound proceeded. The men had disappeared, and I paused a moment or two, looking in all directions to discover whether they had gone. I did not apprehend any danger, but wished to assure myself of their departure. They were invisible, however, but I concluded that they must still be in the vicinity, as there were plentiful facilities for concealment.

Another neigh broke the silence, and upon looking in the direction from which it came I detected a slight motion of the bushes covering the face of the declivity. Upon a close examination the bushes appeared to have been disarranged. The banks here rose almost perpendicularly, and upon clearing away the interlaced brush I discovered an arched excavation in the hard clay, in which, to my surprise, I saw three horses, fastened to pegs driven into the ground.

I was sick at heart. I had discovered a most dangerous secret, and I had not the least doubt but that the two men were watching for just such a revelation.

Innocent as I was, I felt guilty. I now knew the cause of the settlers' enmity to Mingdon. He was a suspected horse-thief, and Macdonald and I were supposed to be confederates.

The net had been surely weaving around us. Our intimacy with the Mingdons; our purchase of the Bunker clearing—the next one to Mingdon's—which would enable us to carry on our depredations with greater security; our independent air—which might easily have been mistaken for hardened crime—when we met the settlers, and our liberal expenditure of money, lavish for that region, all pointed to us as equally guilty with the ill-favored Mingdons.

I replaced the bushes, and here was another proof of guilt; then I returned to our neighbors' house; that was another damning proof of complicity; I was going—to the spies it must have seemed so—to warn the horse-thief that the animals were not securely concealed in the subterranean stable. If I had been innocent I would have gone to my own house, or proceeded to inform the neighbors. The fact of our utter ignorance of any suspicions being directed towards the Mingdons would not be taken into account for a moment. We, of course, were supposed to be already well-informed as to the suspicions of the community.

When I spoke to Mac, my face must have betrayed my feelings. He came out at once, and I drew him towards our own cabin. On the way I informed him of our peril, and he recommended instant flight. Mingdon and his sons were absent, upon what business we could conjecture, and we were not safe for a moment. Even now there might be guards stationed around the settlement to prevent our escape.

"What shall we do?" said I. "In their eyes our guilt will be as plain as the sunlight. If we succeed in getting away for the present they will pursue us, and, without doubt, will overtake us. In such a case our fate will be certain. If we remain, there is a possibility that we may be able to clear ourselves, but—" and my heart sank as I recollect the two men in the wood.

"It won't do to stay here; we had better cut and run, catch or no catch! It will be better to run the gauntlet of a few bullets than to swing from these limbs."

It didn't take us long to saddle up and place our instruments in their accustomed place. Then we mounted, and, to keep up appearances, walked the horses to the edge of the wood. We were about to strike into a gallop, when the bridles were seized, and we were prisoners. Seven rifles covered us until we dismounted, when we were bound tightly together, and marched down to the store.

A shrill cry of triumph greeted our appearance, and the whole village flock to see the captured horse-thieves. An old barroom loafer, the oracle of the place, at once identified us as two notorious horse-stealers from Pennsylvania, which State he had recently visited; and the old villain actually swore that we had escaped from the prison in Pennsylvania, where we were confined while awaiting trial.

I was dumbfounded. Mac was sullen, and I saw that his Scotch blood was rising, but he preserved a strict silence under the continual taunts and gibes of the increasing crowd, during the few minutes which elapsed before we were consigned to the upper rooms of the tavern under a guard of three men, who had strict orders to shoot us down if we made the least attempt to escape. Even here a few favored ones were permitted to climb, and throw in our teeth the derisive epithets suggested to them by our helpless condition.

How we passed the night may be inferred. We were bound closely together, and it would have been impossible to obtain rest had we been unharassed by the terrible prospect before us.

At length the dreary night wore away, and the gray daylight came creeping in through the chinks of our prison. We hailed the little shreds of light with joy, and hoped that, with the return of day, our oppressing, painful bonds would be loosened. But it was not to be. We were too notorious for jail-breaking to be the recipients of any such refreshments.

We were, indeed, two terrible-looking criminals. Macdonald's face was pale, and I am not certain that his face did not indicate an equal degree of dejection.

A glass of water and a meal cake constituted all the refreshments we were allowed.

About nine o'clock the court was ready, and we were brought before it. We were greeted by a wild shout from the excited crowd, and I felt a nervous thrill as I distinguished, mingled with the general uproar, the cries: "Hang them! Hang them!"

The court, which was in session in the barroom, was composed of fourteen chosen men, over whom the landlord—the leading man of the village—presided. I saw at once that our guilt was predetermined in the minds of the jury, but I was not going to die without an effort to save myself.

The greater part of the crowd was excluded, but their hoarse clamor grated harshly on my ears, and I knew that they were greedy for our lives.

The Judge arose, and with great pomposity said: "Bring forward the witnesses!"

"Yer we is!" said two voices in concert, and the two men whom I had seen in the wood stepped forward.

"You, Bill Landon, say what you

with a thick, unsteady voice which crushed out all hope:

"Them's the men!"

How those words thrilled through and through me! Far greater was their effect than the howl with which the old man's verdict was greeted.

Not a doubt existed as to our guilt. The mob grew wild, and cleaved the air in their frantic struggles to get their hands upon us.

"Silence!" thundered the colonel, and he succeeded in obtaining a hearing.

"Judge," said he, "this old loafer is so drunk he can hardly stand. Will you take his word in a case of life and death? Let him get sober, and then let him testify."

"Who says I'm drunk?" said Jake, trying to find the colonel with his bleared eyes.

"This looks too much like cold-blooded murder," continued the colonel, not noticing Jake.

"Who says I'm drunk?" again cried the old man.

"I do!" shouted our friend, leaping from his seat, and making his way through the crowd towards us.

How I prayed that he might be successful in his efforts to protect us!

"Now, men, listen to me!" he shouted in a ringing voice, which was clearly audible above the babel of sounds which filled the room. "You all know me, and know that I am just as much bent on punishing a crime of this kind as any of you. Does any one dispute that?"

Not a word was said.

"I have always gone in heart and hand with the most earnest of you for hanging the guilty; haven't I?"

"Yes, yes, yes! that's what you have, kinsmen!"

"Now, I believe these men to be innocent, and I protest against taking their lives on the word of an old drunken fool like this!" pointing to Jake, who had fallen asleep on a bench. "Let him get sober—or wait until Mingdon is brought in. The boys are after him, and he cannot escape. Is there no one here to see that justice is done to the innocent?"

"Justice! That's what we want!" shouted a multiplicity of voices, and the cry was caught up on the outside, and went surging through the dense crowd.

The colonel was overruled, and the Judge stood up to pronounce sentence.

"Hoss-thieves," said he, "you have been tried by an impartial jury of yer countrymen, and I see in their eyes that yer guilty, and I sentence you to—what's yer names?"

We gave him no answer, and he continued :

"You two hoss-thieves, I sentence you to be hung by the neck, to-morrow morning at sun-up, until yer dead, dead, dead!"

He used the time-honored conclusion, and I thought, as my brain whirled under the oppressing, maddening weight of the approaching doom, that this cruel repetition must have originated in the desire to bring more clearly before the eyes of the condemned the disgraceful punishment in all its thrilling, harrowing form.

We were again moved to the loft under a double guard.

Swiftly the hours moved along. An old clock in the barroom kept up its regular "tick, tick," and with each succeeding beat a drop of my life seemed to go out.

"Tick, tick, tick"—no stop, no stay to the merciless moments, which, to my heated imagination, dropped scorching and withering from the long pendulum.

There was no escape from the terrible fate. No appeal from the stern court by which we had been tried.

I reviewed my whole life, and each little wrong of which I had been guilty during the twenty-four years of my apparently ended pilgrimage of life rose up and pointed at me a retributive finger. Then I was carried to a little homestead, far off in the East, which contained my all—my aged parents, a little fair-haired sister and a bright-eyed brother. It was maddening.

And they would wait through the long years which would elapse ere they gave up hope for tidings of the absent. And how their hearts would daily sink as no word was had of the loved one. And years would roll on, and the expressions of his features would grow faint and fainter, and the gray heads would sink into the grave; the younger ones would grow up, and wonder why they heard nothing, and then forgot all but the dimly defined memory of the lost one.

Oh, horror! was ever agony like this? But the relentless seconds still dropped red and sparkling from the long pendulum.

The sun sank, and I gazed at it with longing, lingering eyes. The last sunset on earth!

Then came the dismal night. The village became quiet, and naught broke the silence but the sentry's tread around the tomb of buried hope.

Through the short night I lay and listened to the hotly speeding seconds, and forgot the presence of my partner in the death-dance.

The first gray streaks of dawn appeared, and the landlord, followed by a number of the settlers, came up the ladder.

"Hoss-thieves," he said, "your time has come."

We were placed in a wagon, the guard inclosed us, and the cortége moved on to the place of execution.

A great bank of purple cloud hung over the yellow sea of foliage to the east, heralding the sun.

"Hurry up, boys, or we'll be behind time," said the Judge of the previous day.

"Let them have a little time," said the colonel, who kept near us, and occasionally threw in a word to cheer us. "Vain task!"

There was something so terribly earnest in the mien of the men who surrounded us that I knew there was no hope, and I tried to reconcile myself to the horrible doom; but I could not; and oh, how I clung to the few moments yet allowed us!

At length we arrived at the end of the wood. A strong branch was selected, two lengths of rope were thrown over it, two slip-nooses were formed at the ends, the wagon was driven under, and the nooses adjusted around our necks.

Six stalwart men were assigned to each rope, and all was ready for the word, which was only delayed until the rising of the sun, which must soon appear.

How bright everything looked, as my eyes wandered over the landscape! How precious the few remaining moments of life!

The crowd around was absolutely silent in view of the awful sight, but the stern faces of the actors never blanched as they awaited the sun's appearance.

The purple cloud-bank grew to a fiery red; a single ray of dancing yellow light trembled on the topmost leaves of the distant trees, and the Judge opened his mouth to speak the fatal word.

The men at the ropes braced themselves for a long pull, and the driver raised his whip to urge his horse ahead as soon as the word should be given. I bade a last farewell to life, and stood upright, when, from the woods, arose a mingled sound of rushing feet and loud cries.

"Hold! Stop! for God's sake, stop!" were the

cries which fell sweeter than the sweetest strains of music upon our ears.

The Judge's lips remained open, but no sound issued from them; the driver lowered his whip, and the muscles of the twelve strong men relaxed.

"Not too late yet! Thank God!" said one, as the party which had pursued Mingdon appeared, bringing him with them, a prisoner.

His two sons had escaped, but he was secured, and knowing that his life was forfeited, in the most solemn terms he protested our innocence, and that to the satisfaction of all present.

I sank into the arms of the colonel. When I recovered, the corpse of the elder Mingdon swayed to and fro, with the bright sunlight quivering upon his discolored, distorted features.

Opposite Neighbors.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NORA'S SACRIFICE," "SEED TIME AND HARVEST," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Do you know Captain Ingledon, sir?"

The inquiry was addressed to a tall, pale man who was intently reading the timetable at Paddington Station.

"The 4:30 arrival. That's it. Eh, my man?"

"Do you know Captain Ingledon, of Ingledon House, sir?"

The speaker was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a straw hat shading his bronzed country face.

"Who are you? I am waiting for Captain Ingledon and his brother."

"Thank heaven! I have been looking for him for a fortnight, sir. I knew he was in London."

"But he isn't in London, my good fellow. He comes from Ingledon to-day. What is your name?"

"Thomas Marvel. I live at Castle Dean."

"Oh, I think I understand. You came to London to look for the captain?"

"I gave him my promise, sir, not to tell; and when I found he was missed, I came away to find him in London. I've searched for a fortnight, but it's been no good. And he is coming from Ingledon, did you say, sir?"

"Yes, by this train, with his brother. They are going on to Salisbury, and I am here to see them. I have heard of you in connection with the strange affair. My name is Wilson."

"I thought I recognized your face, sir, having seen you some time back in the company of Sir Walter and his brother," said Tom, deferentially.

Mr. Wilson chatted condescendingly with Tom for a few minutes, and then the train dashed up, and amid the noise and bustle of the London station Tom met Reginald again.

The brothers laughed heartily at Tom's Quixotic venture, Reginald thanking him as those only who understood Tom's nature could have done. But there was not much time for talking; after a few hurried words and explanations they were off. Walter begging Mr. James Wilson, as they shook hands, to look after Tom and see him safely off to Castle Dean, which Mr. Wilson promised to do.

The stars were shining over Salisbury when the brothers reached it. It was too late to go to Mrs. Arnold's; so they deferred their visit till the morning.

Breakfast was always an early meal at Mrs. Arnold's. The doctor was away on his visits the next morning at ten o'clock. His wife was in the nursery teaching, and Mrs. St. John and Lucy were in the breakfast-room alone. The cheerful, bright room contrasted strangely with the mourning-robés and sad faces of the ladies. Lucy was speaking.

"We will go together, Ida; in Spain I may forget what England is—but no, that can never be."

"Change of scene will make everything easier to bear," said Ida. "In my beautiful town we may find content, if not happiness."

"Content!" cried Lucy, bitterly. "There might be content for mourners who have buried their dead, but those who mourn a living lost one can never know content."

"There are two gentlemen approaching the house," interposed Ida, suddenly. "They are strangers, I think. They have entered the wrong gate, perhaps."

They are for Mr. Arnold, no doubt," observed Lucy, listlessly. Nothing interested her now.

"Two gentlemen in the drawing-room wish to see you, Miss St. John," announced the servant a few minutes afterwards; "they told me to tell you they were old friends."

Lucy passed slowly through the hall, opened the door of the drawing-room and went in.

"Lucy, darling, here is Reg! It was all a mistake!" cried Walter, holding her tightly in his strong, loving arms, his joy crowned by the brightness of her sorrowful face. "My darling, my own again—nothing shall part us now!"

Reginald came forward with tender, pitying eagerness to receive her welcome.

When Lucy went up-stairs shortly afterwards to tell Mrs. Arnold of the visitors, her betrothal-ring again glittered on her finger, and her wan, white face was bright with quiet happiness.

That evening, when Reginald was in the drawing-room with the doctor and the ladies, Sir Walter walked up and down the fragrant garden with Lucy, talking eagerly.

"Marry me now, Lucy," he said. "Let us all go abroad and forget in the brightness of the present whatever is sad in the past. Alice and Joan will come here, if you like. Don't keep me waiting for my wife any longer."

And in the balmy garden air, with twilight closing round them, Lucy put her hand again in Walter's.

"Whenever you like, dear," she said, simply. "Let it be here, in my former dear old home."

It was a very quiet wedding; but the bride looked fair and happy, despite her mourning-dress; and Walter was proud of his young wife. They went abroad, and in Italy Reginald and his sisters and George Carlyn joined them. They spent a happy winter there, in the land of sunny skies, and it was summer—late summer, nearly harvest-time—before they came back to Ingledon. Alice Carlyn had taken Castle Dean Grange, and fitted it up for his bride, and she was to be married on the first of August.

CHAPTER XX., AND LAST.

WITH quick, nervous steps Captain Ingledon walked up through Salisbury streets to Mrs. Arnold's.

"Is Mrs. St. John in?" he asked of the servant who opened the door.

"Yes, sir."

He was shown into the pretty drawing-room, and left to himself—only for a few minutes, however. Ida presently came in, her widow's dress brightened by white trimmings, and no cap on her beautiful hair.

"Captain Ingledon!" she exclaimed, looking surprised, and her face flushing slightly.

"I am come to speak to you on a matter of great importance," he said, nervously. "I want to tell you a short history. Will you listen to me?"

With a quiet bow she seated herself. He spoke, as he stood at the table, looking down on her with a depth of love in his eyes.

"You know it partly," he began. "You know how you were wooed and won by Arthur St. John; but you did not know that I loved you before I was aware that your hand had been promised to another; you did not know what misery I suffered when I stood by your side on your marriage-day, and how I left Spain with a lifelong sorrow in my heart. I went to India, but I never forgot you. I mingled in all the dull dissipation of garrison life; but I never loved another; and the memory of you kept me from evil. I loved you dearly—dearly, Ida; and I love you now as then, but with all the added strength of faithful years. Will you marry me? Will you be my wife?"

She had bent her head, listening earnestly to his words, but she rose up and looked into his somewhat noble face. Then she held out her hand and laid it silently in his. For ever the shadow left Reginald's eyes. He had won his early love at last.

Alice and George Carlyn, who had plighted their troth in the sunny parlor at Ingledon, were walking up and down the ancient garden, where the lavender bloomed again, and the white doves flew through the fragrant air.

"And you are really happy, Alice?" said George, in his old humble way.

She laughed merrily, with the true ring of happiness in her voice.

"Of course I am. Don't I look so, George?" And she added, earnestly, "Don't let any foolish fancy divide us. Believe me, if I had not loved you, I would never have promised to be your wife. No, dear, I wouldn't; you believe, don't you? When I promise on Friday to love and honor you, I shall mean it with all my heart;" and she looked in his face with such bewitching earnestness, that George could only kiss her and say he did believe her.

"Walter wants to know if you will go down to Burleigh Meet with us," said Lucy's voice, breaking the happy silence. "Joan is going, and the Water Lily is ready. Will you come?"

"Oh, yes, dear," answered Alice.

Did they remember the last time they went to Burleigh? Perhaps. Alice gathered some roses and fastened them in her hair, and tried unsuccessfully to secure one in Lucy's curly locks. But Lucy Ingledon would not go without flowers, and plucked some rich carnations for Joan, as bright as her own happy face.

Lady Ingledon and her husband were waiting on the lawn. Sir Walter had brought his wife's scarlet shawl.

"You will find it chilly on the river, dearest," he said, wrapping it round her shoulders.

She thanked him gayly. They were very happy, Sir Walter and Lady Ingledon.

Joan glanced at her watch as the Water Lily bore them on.

"Eleven o'clock," she observed; "Reginald has had his answer."

"What will it be, I wonder?" said Alice.

"I can guess, I think," put in Walter. "We shall have the Place a happy home yet—eh, Lucy?"

"I hope so," she replied, earnestly; "I should like to know what the future has in store for us all."

If that desire could have been gratified, what would they have seen and heard in the years to come? Summer shadows—not such darkness as the past had known—and much, much happiness, children's sweet voices echoing through the woods with happy music, all the sweet influences of home strengthening each little circle, and brightening with earth's fairest flowers the upward path of life.

THE END.

It is said that Professor Tyndall has had ocular demonstration of sound. He has seen his bed-tick.

A young lady who was at the dentist's three times last week, says: "Toothache is very demoralizing."

PEACE is preserved in an Iowa household by a long, witty raw-hide hung up in the bedroom of the juvenile portion of the family; the hide bears upon its handle, "Boys, please be kind to your mother."

"JAKE," said a rather seedy-looking negro to a friend, "hev you got black weskit to spare for a few days?"

"What for, Abe?" "Oh, I lost my aunt Betsy a few days ago, and I want to take a short mourn."

DURING the progress of a late duke's funeral through a small town in Scotland, the following colloquy between two women was overheard. One, absorbed in contemplation of the signs of woe, exclaimed: "Poor woman! She will

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION IN BOSTON.

A TERRIFIC explosion occurred in Dr. Dow's drug-store, at Washington and Lagrange Streets, Boston, on Wednesday evening, May 26th. The building was four stories in height, and built of brick, with a front of thirty feet on Washington Street, and a depth of seventy feet on Lagrange Street. The ground-floor was occupied by G. D. Dow, apothecary and manufacturer of soda-water. It was one of the most complete and well-arranged establishments in the city. The upper floors were occupied for various purposes; the extreme attic being occupied, in part, by a family, and a tailor doing a small business. The intervening floors to the lower one were filled with a perfect medley of tenants. In one room a dozen or more girls were engaged as tailoresses, and in other parts of the building were apartments occupied by clairvoyants and fortunetellers.

The explosion took place about half-past six o'clock in the evening, while Washington Street was thronged. The brick walls and inner framework of the entire building crumbled to the ground in a compact mass of ruin. The sound, the shock, the concussion, were terrific. Persons on the street in the immediate vicinity were stunned and stupefied for the instant, if not struck and injured by the falling bricks; and those inside the fated building were either crushed to death or escaped the wreck in some way which seemed almost miraculous. Fire followed the crash, the bells sounded an alarm, and the fire department was quickly on the spot. The flames were speedily extinguished, but there was much work left for the firemen to do. Buried in the débris nobody knew how many human beings there were. This was a business of life and

death, and there was no delay in action. The bodies, as they were found, living or dead, were first taken to Police Station Four, and from there the wounded were carried to the City Hospital.

Three persons were killed and some twenty wounded. It is feared that several are fatally injured, and that probably other bodies may be found buried in the débris.

A Metropolitan horse-car was passing downtown at the time, and this was blown bodily over against the curbstone on the opposite side of the street. Every window was broken, and the passengers, some twenty in number, were rendered momentarily insensible by the concussion. Some of them were also bruised and cut, but the injuries are not serious. The horses, too, were rendered insensible, and for a time it was believed that both of them had been killed. The windows in the stores in the immediate vicinity were generally broken. It is not improbable that some of the buildings closely adjoining were seriously weakened.

Since the disaster, various theories have been advanced as to the cause of the explosion—some attributing it to nitroglycerine, some to the soda generator, and others to an escapement of gas from the pipes in the cellar; but the cause is still a mystery.

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

N. Y. INSTITUTION
FOR THE BLIND.

THE students of the New York Institution for the Blind gave their usual anniversary exhibition at Steinway Hall, on the evening of May 21st. A very large audience gathered to encourage both students and teachers, and the exercises partook of those attractive features which

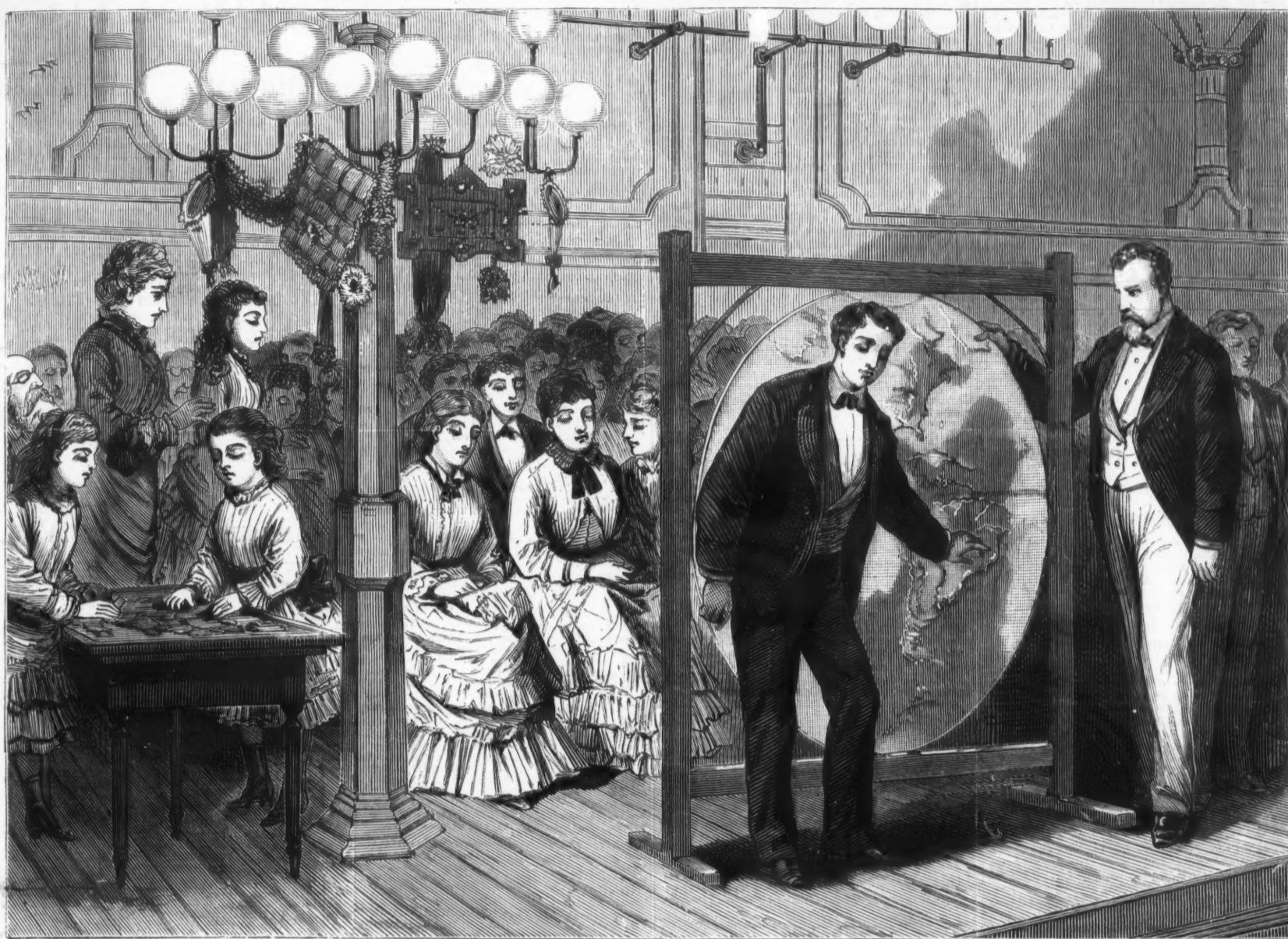


RUINS OF DOWS' DRUG-STORE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK.



A STREET-CAR, FULL OF PASSENGERS, BLOWN FROM THE TRACK.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.

BOSTON, MASS.—THE DESTRUCTIVE EXPLOSION AT DOWS' DRUG-STORE, AT THE CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND LAGRANGE STREETS, MAY 26TH.



NEW YORK CITY.—ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND, AT STEINWAY HALL, MAY 21ST—THE CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY.

have made all the exhibitions of this institution so pleasing. Evidences were afforded of the progress of the inmates, not only in the rudimentary branches, but the higher studies. The method of study was particularly noticeable, and as the young ladies and gentlemen advanced to the front of the platform for song, address, recitation or instrumental music; it was plain that they had the fullest sympathy of their more fortunate auditors.

A young girl, furnished with a knitting-machine, adjusted the apparatus, threaded the needles, and in a few minutes manufactured a fancy red-worsted scarf. Upon one side of the stage, as shown in the engraving, a party of girls were at work with irregular pieces of wood, shuffling them upon a table as one mixes dominoes before the draw. In an incredibly short space of time they had arranged the pieces, when the surface of the table exhibited a map of the United States.

The recitation in geography, with a set of dissected maps, was very entertaining, the young gentleman taking the audience upon an imaginary journey around the world, pointing accurately with his finger to the prominent countries, watercourses, cities and railroads upon the route.

There were also displays of work upon the sewing-machine, showing that while the teachers are striving to improve their charges mentally, they are also laboring to educate them in useful work, that they may not be dependent upon charity, or the more uncertain assistance of relatives, after leaving the institution.

THE REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

MR. FROTHINGHAM is pre-eminently a minister whom the world delights to honor. Not that he has attained intellectual distinction above his fellow-clergymen, or reached a grade of popularity higher than that upon which they stand by any trick of voice or manner; but he possesses a remarkable wealth of liberal thought, giving constant action to liberal deeds, which renders him emphatically a man of the day and the people. He treads in none of those ecclesiastical furrows that have been opened since the Reformation. No sectarian bias confines him to one side of the road. But he is ever turning to the right and to the left, that all which is good and honest and virtuous may be seen and appreciated. A strict denominationalist he never has been, nor is it in his broad, generous heart ever to be.

The world in its entirety, and not the section marked by well-laid, marble-fringed streets, is his field of Christian labor. All his ministrations are evidence of his belief that the poor and ignorant are always with us.

When he preaches that salvation is free to all, he goes to all with the sublime assurance. The audience in the by-streets and tenements, the factories teeming with patient toilers for the bread of the body, the heated docks, and the gloomy piles of granite, brick and iron, where the law restrains man, woman and child of liberty for evil-doing, outnumbers an hundredfold that which assembles to feed upon the bread of life at the table of his Church.

A man constituted as he is can be nothing but liberal. And in these latter days, when religious orders appear warring against each other with all the passion of the rebellious angels, it is good to take the hand of a tolerant disciple of the most generous Master.

Mr. Frothingham is the embodiment of mental strength and universal love. And for giving daily

exhibition of these to such a marked degree the world may well do him honor.

He is a native of Boston, a graduate of Harvard, and is now about fifty-two years of age. He was ordained to the ministry of the Unitarian Church, and settled at Salem in March, 1847. In 1855 he established the First Unitarian Church of Jersey City, and after remaining its pastor four years he accepted a call from the Third Congregational Unitarian Society of New York city. He is now pastor of the Independent Society. The Unitarian Church

is extremely liberal in its ritual and discipline, yet there are some features that he deems too restricted. Therefore, breaking away from all the dogmas that may in any degree impede the progress of religious truth, he represents a society even more liberal than the parent branch.

When Dr. Houghton opened the "Little Church around the Corner," that the body of the good George Holland might be laid before its altar for the solemn rites of the funeral, he did simply what his heart prompted, admitting to his mind naught

of future reprobation nor the praises of an appreciative public. But that one act, strong as it was in evidence of the universality of Christian love, endeared him to the hearts of thousands throughout the country who never saw his face.

In common with Dr. Houghton, Mr. Frothingham possesses the same large-hearted kindness, and never fails to display it. Christian minister as he is, he did not deem it beneath his dignity to join in the crowd of admirers of the late Dan Bryant, and in a public theatre extol the sterling qualities of the dead minstrel.

And when a brother-clergyman launched the severest invectives from the pulpit upon actors and actresses, and the public that support them, and denominated the entrance to the play-house the "gate to hell," Mr. Frothingham rose, and let out the full humanity of his nature. While severely condemning whatever is debasing, he very properly eulogized all that is good and wholesome and pure, giving hearty recognition to the integrity, personal worth and remarkable benevolence of the men and women who instruct and delight us upon the tragic and comic stages.

The work of such men lives and creates healthful influences long after they have stepped from the field of labor.

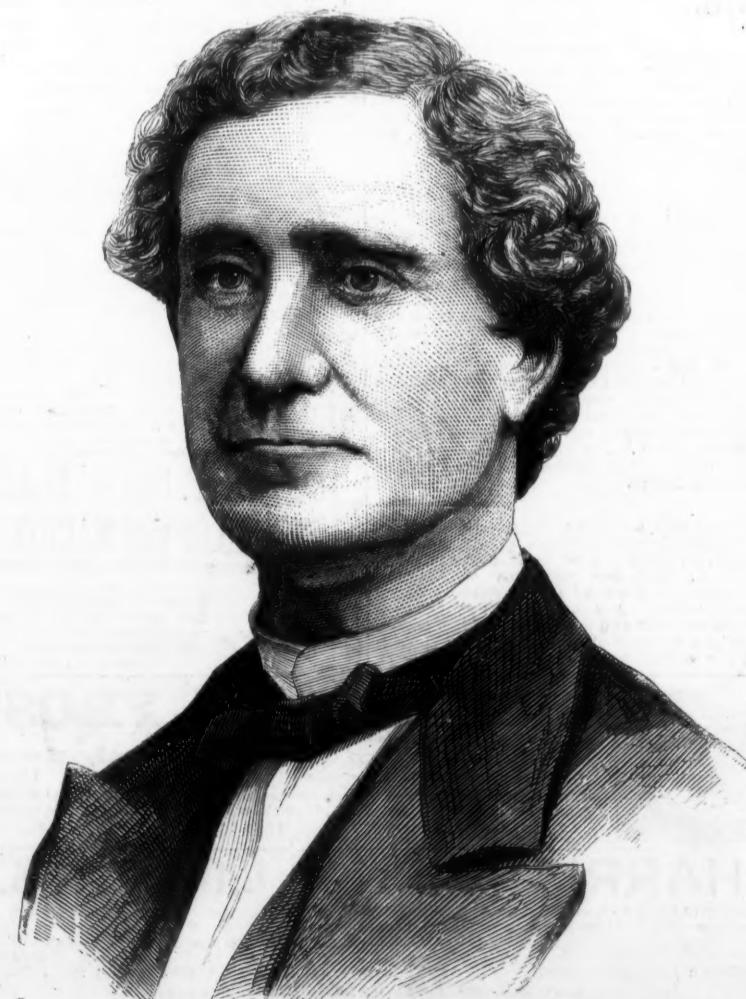
APPALING DISASTER IN A CHURCH.

WHILE the congregation of the French Catholic Church at Holyoke, Mass., were celebrating the feast of Corpus Christi, on Thursday evening, May 27th, a fearful accident occurred, which transformed the scene of pious devotion and solemn worship into one of wild horror and frightful excitement.

The exercises had nearly closed when the flame of a candle caught the drapery around the statue of the Virgin Mary, and the walls being low, the building was soon on fire. Immediately a panic ensued, and the people rushed for the doors. The gallery skirted both sides of the building, with one entrance from the front. On the stairway leading from the gallery the people were packed in a solid mass, struggling to clear themselves as the flames rushed towards them, and this soon became blocked, rendering exit impossible. Many jumped over the sides of the galleries on the crowd beneath, and numbers were trampled on and killed. The priest's residence joined the church on the rear, and many escaped through an entrance leading to the house at the back of the altar.

The priest's exertions to keep order were fruitless. The screams of the living and the moans of the dying made a deafening tumult above the voice of the pastor, who worked most heroically, and was personally instrumental in saving many lives.

The Church Society was established about seven years ago, and Father Dufresne had been the only pastor. The parish included all the French Catholics of the city, whose number is estimated at from 2,000 to 2,500 persons. The church was erected in 1870, and its dimensions were about 100 feet by 60, two stories, built entirely of pine, with galleries on the sides and north end about 25 feet wide. There were two doors in the north end, and a vestibule, from which two doors opened into the body of the church. The galleries opened into the vestibule. At the rear end was another door by which a few persons escaped. Immediately upon the breaking out of the flames, all the occupants of the galleries rushed to the east door where, *en masse*, they fell upon one another and choked up the doorways with their bodies piled in all ways, seven or eight feet deep, and here most of the lives were lost.



REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN, BOSTON.

The fire department were early on the ground, and, besides battling the flames, rendered gallant service in rescuing lives. On the arrival of the firemen the scene was terrific and appalling. Wedged tight and immovable in the doorways was a dense mass of humanity from six to eight feet in height, none of them able to stand upright from the terrible pressure of the crowd behind, while upon and over them a sheet of fire rolled like a wave, streaming far out into the open air. Chief-Engineer Mullin and John Lynch, a brave fireman, rushed into the flames and began pulling out the bodies. The heat was so intense that the heroic rescuers were soon scorched and their clothing ignited. A well-directed hydrant stream from the Mount Holyoke hose struck the brave men, and undoubtedly saved them from being burned alive.

The first persons drawn out were burning, but they passed directly through the stream of water, and the flames which were devouring them were extinguished. Some of the poor creatures fell fainting on the long flight of wooden steps leading down to the street, and a few were able to walk, though with considerable effort. The fire department worked with such energy and will that when the fire was extinguished the charred wooden walls of the structure were standing, and were pulled down by the hook-and-ladder men in order that a search for the bodies might be made. Only a very few moments comparatively elapsed after the water struck the building before the fire was out, but the destruction of life during that brief period of time was terrible. Some sprang from the gallery windows and were seriously injured, and one person appeared at a window completely wrapt in flames, and after tottering there an instant fell to the ground dead and unrecognizable. Hundreds of men went to work as soon as the opportunity offered to search for the bodies, and a force of police was organized to keep back the large crowd which had gathered.

The bodies were conveyed to the basement of the Park Street School-house, with the exception of a number that were identified by friends and carried to their homes. Those at the school-house were arranged in rows upon the floor, and over each was spread a white sheet. A large number of articles of clothing were also collected. Some of the scenes at the school-house, where distressed people gathered to search for missing friends and relatives, were very sad and pathetic. The bodies were so disfigured and blackened by smoke that they were not easily recognized, and the search among them was marked by the cries and groans and shrieks of the friends who discovered in the charred remains the lineaments of those they loved. Some were compelled to go away without having decided whether the bodies of their relatives were found.

THE BOSTON TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

AT the Massachusetts general hospital is about to be incorporated and to become one of the permanent charities of the city. It has now been in operation for fifteen months, and has under instruction seventeen pupils, who, with the superintendent, Miss Richards, and two or three head nurses, now manage four wards at the hospital in Allen Street. The nurses are supported in part by the hospital, where they learn their art, and in part by subscriptions, the net cost of the school being now about \$500 a month, or \$6,000 a year. Mr. Martin Brinner is president of the directors, and Dr. Le Baron Russell treasurer, while the managers are some of the most benevolent and sensible ladies and physicians in Boston. They have converted the hospital authorities, who were at first a little doubtful, to a belief in the utility of such a school, and a new ward has recently been added to their department in the hospital. Miss Richards, the superintendent, was trained at the Bellevue Hospital School in New York, and proves to be very skillful—so that all intention of putting an English nurse at the head of the school will probably be given up. It may still be found expedient to send one or two American nurses to be "finished" in Miss Nightingale's London school, when a vacancy occurs there.

We hear from New Haven also that the training-school for nurses there is flourishing, with nine pupils, and under good instruction from some of the Yale College professors, who give lectures. The women's hospital at Philadelphia, too, is spoken of as one of the best places in the country for the practical training of nurses. None have yet been graduated from the Boston school, but diplomas will be given in November or December of this year. It is a pity that little old lady—Mrs. Vose—who has left nearly half a million dollars for charitable uses, did not know about the Boston training school and endow it with twenty or thirty thousand dollars. The Infant Asylum at Brookline is getting ready for a new building, to be paid for out of the gift of Mr. Lyman, last year, we suppose. This, too, is one of Massachusetts' most commendable charities, which Mrs. Vose overlooked. Possibly her executors may remedy the omission when they come to divide the residue of her estate—which is all to be enjoyed, for the present, by her only child, a middle-aged married lady with no children.

WEDDING CEREMONIES ON THE ALPS.

THERE are still many of the old customs remaining, of which one of the most peculiar is the wedding, which has some of the features of those in the northern part of Germany. An orator is the bearer of invitations, who is often the village schoolmaster. He makes a formal speech before every house, which all the people run to hear. On the morning of the wedding he accompanies the bridegroom and groomsmen to the house of the bride, where they breakfast together, after which he makes a speech to the father and mother, recounting to them all the noble qualities of the bridegroom, and beseeching them to give their daughter willingly away, as he is sure a long life of happiness is in store for her. A rival orator then "takes the work," and presents the dark side of the picture, all the varied and numerous difficulties of the new position, and the many virtuous qualities of the bride. After this parliamentary discussion the bride departs together with her betrothed, and then they proceed to the church, amidst the prayers and tears and good wishes of the relatives and the assembled lookers-on, and, in order to keep up the general flow of spirits, musicians cheer her way with song.

A HINT FOR MOTHERS.

THE new-born English aristocrat receives, as soon as born, a little bed with a hard mattress. From its earliest age it is taken, warmly wrapped, into the fresh air. After the first year, its meals are reduced to three, and this rule is so unchangeable that no child thinks of requiring anything more. After breakfast it remains several hours in the open

air and then sleeps. The whole afternoon is passed outside. From earliest childhood, the children of the aristocracy have the extremities clothed in the warmest manner. Never are English children intrusted to the care of a young nursery-maid, but to an elderly, experienced person, under whose direction they constantly are.

As soon as the young girl goes to school the carriage of the head and shoulders becomes an object of attention, and under no circumstances is she permitted to sit otherwise than upright. "My child grows but once," says an English mother, "and, therefore, nothing is so important as her physical development." Everything else can be acquired late. An English child rises at seven, breakfasts at eight, dines at one, sups at seven, and at nine goes to bed. Until twelve years of age, it passes the greater part of the day in the open air, with only about four hours' mental work. An English maiden at eighteen is fresh and blooming as a rose, with light step and eyes beaming with pleasure and life.

Of course, the life of gay society undermines to some extent what the early training has accomplished; but the sensible physical education of the first years leaves permanent effects, and the English woman remains equal to the duties of life and the requirements of wife and mother. If she does not continue perfectly well, she retains enough health to be very beautiful.

One sees in Great Britain ladies of sixty with complexions fairer than those of our young maidens, and whose hair, though silvered, is yet abundant and handsome.

PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS, ROUGH SKIN.

THE system being put under the influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a few weeks, the skin becomes smooth, clear, soft and velvety, and being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory. The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. While one to three bottles clear the skin of pimples, blotches, eruptions, yellow spots, comedones, or "grubs," a dozen may possibly be required to cure some cases where the system is rotten with scrofulous or virulent blood poisons. The cure of all diseases, however, from the common pimple to the worst scrofula, is, with the use of this most potent agent, only a matter of time. Sold by dealers in medicines.

COVERED WITH ERUPTIONS. CURED.

CLAVERACK, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir: I am sixty years of age, and have been afflicted with Salt Rheum in the worst form for a great many years, until, accidentally, I saw one of your books, which described my case exactly. I bought your Golden Medical Discovery, and took two bottles and a half, and was entirely cured. From my shoulders to my hand I was entirely covered with eruptions, also on face and body. I was likewise afflicted with Rheumatism, so that I walked with great difficulty, and that is entirely cured. May God spare you a long life to remain a blessing to mankind. With untold gratitude,

MRS. A. W. WILLIAMS.

EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESSMAKER.—Our new Summer Supplement containing very many of the latest and most fashionable Parisian novelties for the wear of Ladies, Misses and Children is now ready, and will be sent free, together with Catalogue on receipt of a three-cent stamp. Our handsome fashion-plate is also ready and will be mailed to any address for 50 cts., in black, or \$1 if colored. Every dressmaker should avail herself of this splendid opportunity to get the handsomest fashion-plate published in this country. Every second week there is now published in the LADY'S JOURNAL the design of some fashionable garment, the pattern of which can be procured at address as below, on receipt of 25 cents. Address all orders for any of the above, "FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway, New York City."

THE managers of the Old Colony Railroad and Fall River Line of palace steamers tendered a large party of gentlemen representing the press of New York city, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Philadelphia the courtesy of a trip to Boston and return. With his usual generosity, Mr. George L. Connor, the general passenger agent, included the wives of the gentlemen, and a goodly company embarked on the *Bristol* on Wednesday afternoon, May 26th. The weather was most delightful, and the excursionists enjoyed with the heartiest zest the liberal attentions of the hosts. At about daylight on Thursday the *Bristol* reached Fall River. A most toothsome breakfast was provided on the boat, and, after the tables were cleared, the party was ushered into a special train of cars, and Boston was reached at 10 o'clock. Returning to the depot at 5 o'clock, the train was taken to Fall River, and at 8 o'clock the *Bristol* steamed off on the homeward trip. At the conclusion of dinner, the general management, and Mr. Connor, Commander Simmons and Colonel Borden were highly complimented in speeches and resolutions for their labors in behalf of the traveling public, and their uniform courtesy in executing them. The trip was an unusually delightful one, no attention being spared by those having it in charge.

WE refer with pleasure to the advertisements of the Greenbrook and Paterson City Nurseries, Paterson, N. J., which appear in another column of this paper. Such fine selections of beautiful flowers are rarely offered to the public at such reasonable rates. Any family can now decorate their garden, small as it may be, at a trifling outlay, and receive so much pleasure in return. To each purchaser a very pretty chromo of a flower or

RICHARD W. FROST,
MANUFACTURER OF FIRST-CLASS
Furniture of Every Description,
Patent Bureau and Wardrobe Pedestals \$25.00 and Upwards.
Furniture repaired, varnished and reupholstered. Steamboats, Hotels and Public Buildings furnished at the shortest notice. All Goods purchased of my house guaranteed as represented.

No. 112 FOURTH AVE., Bet. 10th & 12th Sts., New York.

HARRIS'S "P.P." LIQUORS.

E-DISTILLED in Vacuo at 85 Fahrenheit, and thus rendered absolutely free from *Fusel Oil* Acids and all Impurities, gives no headache, causes no nausea, creates no craving, no dryness of tongue or throat, but stimulates and cheers without unduly exciting the brain or nervous system. No traveler should be without a flask! No other Liquors should be used, either for medicinal or convivial purposes. The OLIVER & HARRIS COMPANY for Re-distilling in Vacuo (incorporated). Rectifying House, 641 Hudson St., N. Y.

Also in London, England; and Paris, France.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

plant is sent—more in proportion to the amount ordered. Those of our readers who are admirers of the beautiful should not neglect this opportunity. They have a very fine selection of standard roses—in fact, every variety of plants, seeds, etc.

Hearing Restored. Great invention. Book free. G. J. WOOD, Madison, Ind.

Misfit Carpets, all sizes, and rich patterns, very cheap, at the old place, 112 FULTON STREET.

[Side Entrance.]

Keep your Bird in Health and Song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER, for Sale by all Druggists and Bird and Cage Dealers. Depot, 582 Hudson St., N. Y.

All the Advancement in Science, Art and civilization has not prevented children from kicking holes through the toes of their shoes. Only SILVER TIPS prevent this. Try them.

Lost! The Name of the Person who did not like CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and Shoes. Any one finding such a person will be liberally rewarded by buying a pair and trying them.

Fine Flame is not circumscribed within local limits. Whatever attains real celebrity, reaches it alone through universal influences. SAPOLIO may be taken in illustration of the proposition. Sold everywhere, it has become a staple of both foreign and domestic marts.

Getze's School for the Parlor Organ. The acknowledged instructor—has attained a remarkable popularity from its inherent merit. Teachers everywhere are using and recommending the work. Sent by mail for \$2.50, by book and music stores. LEE & WALKER, Publishers, Philadelphia.

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